

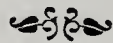
AUTOBIOGRAPHY  
of  
THE HONORABLE JOHN K. KANE



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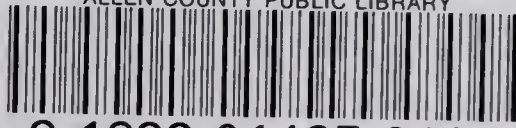


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*Gift:*  
*Charlotte P. Kent*

*May 1962*

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JUN 29 1962

AUTOBIOGRAPHY

OF

THE HONORABLE JOHN K. KANE

1795 - 1858

Judge of the District Court of the United States

for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania

(1846-1848)

MYSELF

from 1795 to 1849

by

GENEALOGICAL SOCIETY

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"Quorum pars magna fui"

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# AUTOBIOGRAPHY

OF

JOHN K. KANE

1795-1858

## FOREWORD

The manuscript of this autobiography is contained in a volume of light blue linen paper, such as it would be difficult, if not impossible, to duplicate at present. It belongs to our cousin, Miss Sybil Kane, of Kane, Pennsylvania, it having come down to her from her grandfather, General Thomas Leiper Kane, who was one of the sons of the author.

The autobiography was written almost wholly in the year 1848, the last entries being made in January, 1849, when the author had been but two years on the bench as Judge of the District Court of the United States in Philadelphia. He was born in Albany, and his father was one of a large family, the sons and daughters of that John Kane who came to this country from Ireland some ten or fifteen years before the Declaration of Independence and settled in what was afterwards Dutchess County, New York.

The author starts his autobiography with recollections of his Grandfather Kane and his early childhood. He was six years old when his father moved to Philadelphia, and he still remembered the journey - a seven days' voyage down the Hudson on the sloop "Fox" and a two days' drive by stage from New York to Philadelphia. There follow recollections of his school life and his experience as a student at Yale, from which college he graduated in the Class of 1814. Then he tells of his reading law, his admission to the Philadelphia Bar in 1818, and his first cases in court. He tells also of visits to his New York relations and his description of them and their homes is pleasant reading. His mother was a daughter of General Robert Van Rensselaer, the last patroon of Claverack, and his uncles and aunts had married into well-known New York families. He passes on to his courtship and final success in winning in marriage Miss Jane Duval Leiper, a daughter of the well-known Thomas Leiper, a Scotchman by birth who made his start in Philadelphia as a tobacconist on Second Street and became in time the owner of valuable quarries in Delaware County. Thomas Leiper was also well known as an ardent friend of Thomas Jefferson and was Jefferson's host when the latter was in Philadelphia, while



serving as Secretary of State in Washington's first cabinet.

As a young man, Judge Kane was a Federalist, and on the break-up of what he describes as the "gallant old Federalist Party" he became a Democrat and an active one, as he was throughout his life. He served as a member of the Legislature in 1825 and was City Solicitor in Philadelphia under Mayor Dallas. In 1828 he took an active part in the campaign for General Jackson, and a pamphlet that he wrote, entitled "A Candid View of the Presidential Election", was read all over the country. President Jackson appointed him a member of the Commission to settle the claims arising under the French Treaty of July 4, 1831, and his work on the Commission took him to Washington, where he came in contact with many leaders of the day. What he tells of Randolph and other prominent men, and his tribute to Jackson, are an interesting part of the autobiography. As a Democrat of the day, he saw history in the making, and to him Jackson was the one great man whom he had known.

Persons acquainted with the history of Pennsylvania will read with interest what he has to say of his part in the "Buckshot War" in 1838, when the Democrats were ready to fight out their quarrel rather than submit to the acceptance of false returns in a State election. Fortunately things did not result in actual warfare, and the Democrats had their way. Years afterwards the author served as Attorney General of the State under Governor Shunk, to whom he was devotedly attached, as will be seen by the tribute paid him. He was serving as Attorney General when, in 1846, President Polk appointed him Judge of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.

The autobiography was written, as the author says, for his family circle, which included his wife and six children. The oldest was the well-known Arctic explorer, Dr. Elisha Kent Kane. Next in order of birth was General Thomas Leiper Kane, the friend of the Mormons, who single-handed went to Utah at President Buchanan's request and secured a settlement of the serious trouble that had arisen between the Mormons and our Government. He later served the Union with gallantry throughout the Civil War, and died a Major General. Robert Patterson Kane, who was the third child, followed his father's profession and was an active lawyer and Democrat in Philadelphia. The only daughter was Elizabeth D. Kane, known in the family as Bessie, who after her father's death married Dr. Charles W. Shields, a professor in the College of New Jersey, now Princeton University. Another son was Dr. John K. Kane, a surgeon of national distinction who made his home in Wilmington, Delaware, after marrying a sister of Hon. Thomas F. Bayard, who was Cleveland's Secretary of State and afterwards Ambassador to England. The youngest son of the author was William Leiper Kane, who, to the great grief of the family, died while still a student at the Philadelphia High School.



It is much to be regretted that the autobiography, ending in 1849, contains no reference to the author's work as Judge. His decisions, especially in admiralty and patent cases, were able and met with the commendation of the Bar. In 1855 his action in committing an abolitionist to jail for contempt of court in refusing to produce fugitive slaves aroused much hostile feeling. This is putting the matter mildly. The Fugitive Slave Law and the Dred Scott decision had increased the opposition of the abolitionists and the country was on the verge of civil war. Feelings were intensely bitter and he was violently assailed in the press for doing what he believed to be his plain duty as a Judge in enforcing the law of the land, even though it meant returning a Negro to slavery in a southern State.

The manuscript of the autobiography is in a clear, flowing handwriting and there are few corrections or interlineations. A few notes by my grandfather accompany the manuscript, and an effort has been made to insert them as they were intended to occur in the autobiography, and the responsibility has been taken of eliminating a few names as well as two or three passages of no particular interest and no historical value. I believe my grandfather would approve these eliminations.

Francis Fisher Kane







## ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

Sybil Kane shares with her cousins the Memoir her Great-Grandfather prepared for his son Thomas Leiper Kane, from whom Sybil inherits the Autobiography.

Mable Bayard Kane Trimble has permitted reproduction of the Sully Portraits which are now in her possession.

Francis Fisher Kane has given his time and that of his stenographer to transcribe the manuscript and organize the plan so that each of the descendants may possess the record as a centennial reminder of our ancestor. He has provided a brief introduction and some necessary notes.

Elisha Kent Kane, Jr., of Kushequa and Jean Kane Foulke duPont for biographical notes and tables of descent.

Frank Paul Kane has arranged to have the Diary printed with replicas of manuscript pages and lithographed copies of the Sully portraits of John K. Kane and Jane Duval Leiper Kane.

The coat-of-arms used on the cover of the Memoirs is the same as the arms on Judge Kane's seal and are correct for the family.





## TABLE OF CONTENTS

Replica of Page - Myself by Myself	
Portrait of Judge Kane - 1852	XII
Foreword	III
Acknowledgments	VII
Table of Contents	IX
Memoir	1
Sully Portraits	16-17
Sketch of Kane House	75
Appendix I - Notes made by Judge Kane at a later date than the writine of the Memoir	61
Appendix II - Notes made at time of Printing - 1949	69
Appendix III - Short Biographical sketches and table of descent of Judge Kane's children and grand- children	72





MYSELF

from 1795 to 1849

by

MYSELF

===

"Quorum pars magna fui"

===



The Honorable John K. Kane  
Judge of the District Court of the United States  
for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania  
1846 - 1858



AUTOBIOGRAPHY  
OF  
THE HONORABLE JOHN K. KANE  
1795 - 1858



January 2, 1848

My Genealogy, - all that part of it which is not found in the books of Moses, - rests in the traditions of Ireland. My Royal Ancestors and their descendants, my ancestors also, who dwell not in palaces, ( - the curse of Cromwell, on them that robbed us of our kingdoms! - ) were inhabitants of the Green Isle.

My grandfather, or it may have been his father, was the first of the family to abjure the Pope, and to recognize allegiance to the Guelphs. Uncle Barney, as my father used to call him, was a captain or a major in the British Army, and fought under Lord Rawdon in the wars of the Revolution. Uncle Barney's only and elder brother John was my grandfather. He came to this country some ten or fifteen years before the Declaration of Independence, and married a daughter of Elisha Kent, a Yankee clergyman, from whom my father and my eldest son derived their name. Grandfather was a man of property, - (I have rode over the farms he used to own in Dutchess County, New York, - ) a gentleman by education, and a proud gentleman in manners. He was a Colonel of the American Militia, became disgusted at an insult to his patriotism, (1) abandoned his property to confiscation, and moved into the British lines. He returned from Nova Scotia or from England, (I am not sure which, for he was in both during his exile, - ) and died when I was some six or eight years old, at Schenectady. I remember him by the agreeable circumstance of his exhorting my father, then engaged in the wholesome administration of a knotted handkerchief to the lower part of his first-born's back, to "lay it on well; the little rascal deserves it." My other reminiscence of him is, that my father one day took me into a shop to buy crape for my hat, because my "poor grandfather was dead", and that I exerted myself without success to shed the tears which seemed to me appropriate to the sad occasion.

Grandfather Kane was a tall man, "stalwart and grim", as his picture upstairs testifies; though he always averred the said picture to be a caricature, and protested, in advance against his posterity thinking it otherwise. He walked with a penang stick, mounted with gold, carrying it with a firm grip at what cudgel players call the balance point: - the stick was cut down to a more fashionable length by Uncle Charles, and from him it passed to my father and to me. Where Grandfather got his education I do not know. Tradition, "quod non ubique creditum" says, at Trinity College, in Dublin; but he certainly talked English, and was Latin



Scholar enough to satisfy his father in law, who was a graduate of Yale and one of the Socii. He was moreover to the day of his death a Church of England man, and might have satisfied even Bishop Doane by the sublimated complacency with which he looked down on the Dissenters.

Excellent old Grandmother Kane, - "my sainted mother" was my father's only name for her, - was direct descendant of the Pilgrims, through a long line of puritan clergymen, and worthy of such a lineage. I think I can remember her in my very early childhood, dressed as she is in the family portrait, with manners of simple repose, and an expression of countenance which now belongs to Aunt Morris.

The graves of my grandfather and his wife are at Albany, on the hill in the large burial-ground not far from the railroad. Uncle James marked them by obelisks of Italian marble, and has reserved a resting-place for himself beside them.

My mother was a Van Rensselaer, the eldest daughter I believe of the old General Robert, the last patroon of Claverack. I remember my grandfather as an old gentleman, of great activity of habit, happy and playful with children, ( - he climbed a tree once to cut me a hayfork, - ) who had a large house with a wide entry, an immense marble slabbed table-sideboard in his parlour, with old fashioned silver tankards on it, in which Aunt Katy used to brew drinks for the evening circle round the fireside. I recollect that on one of these tankards, (it seems to me I have not seen so big a one since, - ) there was an engraved figure of a General on horseback, caparisoned with a Frederick of Prussia cocked hat, and with a hole punched in the horse's flank, - and Aunt Schuyler told me last summer that I was right in the legend of my childish memory, that the tankard commemorated the escape of some old Dutch ancestor, who had his horse killed by a cannon shot. My last recollections of my grandfather Van Rensselaer are of parting with him when he lay ill, shortly before his death, at Claverack patronage: I was then coming to Philadelphia. (a)

My mother died of puerperal fever, a few days after the birth of my sister. I was then not quite four years old. I have a shadowy remembrance of her trying to teach me to read, or perhaps only pointing out to me the pictures in a large book. I know too that I saw her corpse, as it lay upon a mattress, and that I saw my father kiss it. She was buried in Dr. Stringer's family vault at Albany: - if my tomb at Laurel Hill had not turned out unfit for its purposes, it was my intention to have had her remains brought here.

When the family of my Grandfather Kane returned to the United States after the Revolution, all the sons united to carry on business for the general support. John, the eldest, was planted at New York; Oliver, the fifth, sometimes in Europe, sometimes with him. Charles, the second son, was picketed out at Fort Edward



and Fort Ann: - Elisha, my father, the third, - Elias, the fourth, - James, the sixth, - and Archibald, the seventh, - held a line of posts, beginning at Albany, and running West to Canajoharie and Whitesboro'. My father was the pioneer. With Elias, as his aid at first, he built a log store among the Oneidas, and afterwards brought up the boards from Cooperstown, and put together the first frame building west of Herkimer. It was at Whitesboro': I saw it yet standing, a very large structure, when I visited Utica after coming of age.

Utica than had not begun to exist. It was perhaps about the year 1790 or 91. Peter Smith (of Peterboro' memory, the father of Gerrit and Shenandoah) was the only rival trader. He had bought a plot of waste land near the Oneida reservation, and was so much discouraged by the overstocking of business in consequence of my father's coming, that he offered, if my father would give him what his goods and land had cost him, to stipulate to move away and never to settle within thirty miles of him. My father declined the speculation; and Smith was forced to hold on till the city of Utica came to plant itself on his land.

In 1793 my father was living in Albany, the owner of an immense storehouse and shop in which he received all the wheat and the furs and the potash that his brothers at the outposts could collect, and where he sold the crockery, and the broadcloths and the groceries and ironmongery and every-thing else that Uncle Oliver had bought in Europe or Uncle John gathered in New York. The brothers were all partners, or rather there was unity of interest among them, that never imagined a separate property in anything. The sisters were partners also so far as they had wants; and when they married, their outfits came from the general stock. For years after some of the brothers had been getting families about them, the partners of "Kane & Brothers" had the same form of will, for each; - an estimated but fixed amount was to go to the wife and children, but the rest was to remain without account or inquiry the property of the surviving firm.

I was born on the 16 May, 1795, - my brother Robert Van Rensselaer in August 1797, - my sister Alida V. R. in March 1799. My father's marriage had taken place in 1793: I think in the latter part of the year; but the old family bible will tell.

My reminiscences of Albany, my birthplace, are not ample; for I left there at the age of six. Patrick, my mother's coachman, who one saved her life when the sleigh broke through the ice which they were crossing from Green Bush, where "old uncle Jerry" lived, (the patroon I believe of that ilk, and the first democrat of the family,) - and his wife, my nurse, - (I forget her name, but she cried over me when I was 21, till I comforted her with a Five Dollar Bill, - ) - and one of the horses, named Peacock, - a pair of andirons, representing Lions, - a mantel clock, with a gilt figure



on it, that I supposed struck the hours when I was not looking at him, - these fill up my historical and social annals, till my father a widower went to board at old Mrs. Wendell's.

Here the bright and glowing page of my memory is filled up with the companionship of Si, (Silas his name may have been, - or Scipio, and Africanus surely by birth, if not by achievement, - ) who played marbles with me in the yard, but oftener whistled martially while I beat the drum for the company parades that we personated together. "The age of Chivalry is gone", at least for me, and probably for Si also; but these military recreations at the close of a former century may not be unworthy of present record. Peradventure shall my remote posterity recognize in them the germs of that same spirit, which has carried one of my sons to Mexico, and chronicled two others as members of Company I. - Heroism, my descendants, is not the exclusive property of any one generation; - at least not in our family!

At the age of six, I came to Philadelphia: - from Albany to New York, in the Sloop Fox, a five, or as I think it was, a seven days' voyage, with the family of Uncle Elias, memorable because I scalded my shin by knocking over the teakettle in playing with the andirons; - and from New York, a long two days' ride in the Swift-Sure stage, to this city, under the charge of my father's clerk. (b) A boarding house or two, so uninteresting as to have left no impression, - and a school, - Icaris's, I think they called it, where I got a whipping and nothing else, - then a quarter's schooling at Dr. Abercrombie's, under the charge of the Junior Usher, now the venerable Senior Deacon Brown, of our church; - and I have travelled over I don't know how many months. The melancholy representative of boyhood in a scarlet jacket which still hangs or ought to hang in crayons in the third story, dates of the earlier part of this period.

1803, perhaps a year earlier; my father was a boarder at Mrs. Cornelia Smith's, Gilbert Tennent's daughter, at the S.E. corner of Dock and Walnut Streets. His fellow boarders, the two Chaunceys, Charles and Elihu, both lawyers, the former in the little triangular room at the corner, the latter about to go into partnership with Enos Bronson, a Yankee Schoolmaster adventurer, who after afterwards married Bishop White's daughter, and at this time boarded with the rest, but below the salt; the partnership to be in the publication of the United States Gazette; - Binney, a briefless, proud, overbearing lawyer, who turned me away from the breakfast table because I had not a clean shirt on Sunday morning; Wallace - J. B. then the lawyer of most promise in the mess - who married Binney's sister afterwards - some smaller fry, for these were the attic circle, and talked Federalism and the Dennie Club, - an occasional Member of Congress, Samuel W. Dana of the Senate, or Dayton, - in the first year or two, Joe Thomas - these are all that I remember of Mrs. Smith's Boarders. My father



must have been the rich man; for I know he had the best chamber in the house, and used to advance money to the landlady. I was at boarding school at Mr. Drake's.

This was a small school, on the Lancaster Turnpike road, at the 6 mile stone. Our teacher Richard Drake; so the story went, and I believe truly; was a descendant of Sir Francis of the Armada memory, and had been Captain in the "Guards". He had gambled and drunk away more than he was worth, and his English friends sent him over to America, under consignment to old John Vaughan, with promises of a remitted annuity. The annuity came once or oftener, but not much; Drake married a servant girl, and with her to comb the children's heads, opened a boarding school. He was an Eton scholar, but had little Greek. In Latin, especially the poets, he was at home, - he read Milton with much power, - and spoke French with fluency. I remained with Mr. Drake some four years, - whipped sometimes, for it was (as Dr. O'Toole would say) part of his system, but a favourite scholar and an active one. I mastered Caesar and Ovid and Terence, so that I read them yet from my school memory; and I learned to talk and write in French, and to speak what I thought Spanish. It was a man-pupil, from the Spanish Main, who taught me this last, in return for teaching him English; his name was Francisco de Barbarena, and I think I saw it years afterwards in the revolutionary controversies of Southern politics. While at this school, I sometimes walked, on Sunday afternoons to hear a lopsided, apoplectic little man, named Passy, preach a Baptist sermon to a volunteer congregation, - but as a general rule, I was marched once a week to the Old Merion Meeting House, on the back Lancaster road, to share in silent exercises of the Friends.

While I was under Mr. Drake, coming home now and then to a merriless holiday at Mrs. Smith's boarding house, my father married his second wife, Miss Kintzing: - a most happy incident for him, for it smoothed all the residue of his life - and for me too, for it gave me a mother and a home. I had been baptised John; but the same distinction belonged to a regiment of my cousins, and I took, I don't know when, the middle name Elisha, to show that I was not Charle's John who had run away from home, or John's John who performed a similar exploit years afterwards. I was not quite 12 I think when my father married, - (in 1807, if I remember right,) - but very soon after I had become acquainted with my new mother, I determined to substitute her initial letter for the E, and have been John K. Kane ever since. My stepmother died in June 1834, preceding my father but a few months. She was a finehearted woman, of strong mind not uncultivated, and in manners a lady of the old school. I am tempted to say more of her, for I loved her very sincerely; - but I must hurry on; and if time serves me hereafter, I can return to the topic.



Mr. Drake fell sick, and his school was broken. In the fall of 1807, or the spring of 1808, I was transferred to Mount Airy, where the Rev. F. X. Brosius had a Catholic Seminary. Here I lost some of my Latin, became much more familiar with French, (it was the language of all our studies and amusements: - ) learnt the Spanish grammatically, and acquired all or nearly all that I ever had of Algebra and Geometry. I was Mr. Brosius's peculiar favourite, and I now look back on his assiduous and affectionate instructions with lively gratitude. He was rigorous in the exercises of his Church, but without a particle of either an intolerant or a proselyting spirit. I remember his farewell, as if it was of yesterday, when I was leaving him to go to Yale: "God bless you, my dear child; never forget your charity towards the oldest Church of Christians." It was the only word of allusion to the difference in our creeds that ever fell from him.

In October 1809 I left Philadelphia for New Haven. My brother Robert, who had all along been my schoolmate, was still my companion. We went without a guardian, but on our arrival were to report to old Judge Chauncey, who would aid us in finding lodgings and a private teacher, as he had promised to do also for the two sons of Robert Ralston, Bob and Ashbel.

It was the great incident of my life, this setting out for college, and whatever it should have had of painful was overwhelmed by its attendant dignity. Each with a long tailed coat, a large black leather trunk between us, a letter of introduction, and bank notes to pay our passage, - we mounted into the stage, receiving with complacent self reliance all father's parting admonitions and almost dissatisfied when he handed up with a repeated caution, the roll of notes, which he had given me five minutes before, but which had already worked its way out of my careless waistcoat pocket into the mud. That careless waistcoat pocket! I have lost the father who watched over it, and so often repaired its delinquencies.

We arrived at New Haven, and under the auspices of Judge Chauncey were soon ensconced in the mansion of an ancient New England lady, a Miss Smith, with an ascetic semi-hypochondriac young clergyman as our teacher, Mr. Henry Sherman. We began our studies, the elder Ralston and myself together as candidates for the freshman class of 1810; our brothers for that of 1811. My yokefellow Bob was a dunce, and a conceited one: I studied, but our tutor held us together, pulling him off his feet forward and me by the coat tail back.

My cousin Elias, who for so many years afterwards held to me almost the relation of a twin-brother, was already in College, and we used to spend much of our time together in his room. I was complaining to him sorely one day of the irksome manner in which I was drawling out my preparatory studies, when picking up a book he began to examine me. We ran over some pages of Virgil, a chapter or two in the Greek testament, and an Algebraic equation,



and he declared me absolutely qualified for admission. The next morning, half against my consent, I found myself undergoing a special examination before some of the tutors, and at dinner time I announced to Mr. Sherman that I was the first admitted member of the coming College class. He was fool enough to be angry at it, and to prescribe the Hebrew Alphabet as a penance. I was as great a fool as himself, and resented the insult by refusing to understand a letter of the language. I idled away the remaining months, lost my habits of study, and contracted associations with the lazy wits of the upper classes.

My whole college course was marred in consequence. I was never dissipated: the dissipations of Yale at that time were so vulgar as to save me from all wish to share them. Neither was I a reluctant scholar; I read the classics more largely and I think more profitably than some who were distinguished for exactness of conformity to rule: I wrote for the newspaper imaginary travels, and doggrel addresses for the news carrier: I practised extempore speaking in the Linonian Society, and got the reputation of the best declaimer in my class. But I was full of all mischievous devices to annoy the Faculty; and I really believe it was the spirit of misrule, that made me revolt at mathematics, the too favourite study of the designated course, and lose the opportunity of becoming a good Hellenist simply because it worried our Greek Professor Mr. Kingsley. The result was, I graduated without honour and without much profit: I marvel as I look back how I managed to escape the sentence of expulsion, which so liberally decimated our class, for a mighty liberal decimation, according to all Irish arithmetic, it must have been, which left only eighty odd for graduation out of a class that had enrolled a hundred and twenty members.

My brother Robert was less fortunate, though perhaps more meritorious than I was. He was dismissed, while yet a freshman, for refusing obedience to a college law, that required him to break trust by becoming a witness against a classmate. He came home to Pennsylvania, was admitted to Dickinson College at Carlisle, and died there before he was sixteen years old. Poor Robert! He was greatly my superior in gallantry and decision of character: when we ran away from Mr. Drake's school, he was not yet ten years old, but he was the first to climb the fence. He was very handsome, with well chiselled features, black eyes and hair, erect carriage, and so tall that I was turned of 19 before I could wear the last coat that had been made for him. He is buried in the churchyard at Carlisle: the inscription on his tombstone mistakes his age.

My cousin Elias left college without graduating. His father as well as mine had failed in business, or they were already involved in the vortex which carried them both down soon after. Elias determined to study law. Ralph I. Ingersoll, a young lawyer, who called us cousin on the score of some forgotten relationship, - the same gentleman, who is now Minister to Russia, - lent him law



books and directed his reading: - and at the opening of the last term of his Senior year, Elias set out with a saddlebag of books, to explore the unknown West. He returned, after making the Constitution for Illinois, (3) and organizing the government as Secretary of State, to take his seat as Senator of the U. S. in the Spring of 1825. He then applied for his Baccalaureate, and received it.

My chums at College were my brother, my cousin, and after them, my friend, William L. Storrs, recently the professor of Law at Yale, and still one of the Judges of the Supreme Court in his native State, Connecticut. I have perhaps disparaged myself a little in my story of my college habits. I will make the only compensation that the truth admits of, by noting the names of my most intimate associates during the Senior year. We cannot have been without some redeeming merit, or the fortunes of after life would have dealt with us more harshly.

We were five, who formed the Highland Club: we read together and worked together, and frolicked together. There was Cooley, James Cooley, who died at Lima in the early part of Mr. Adams's Administration, Charge' d'Affaires from the United States, - William B. Calhoun of Massachusetts (Calhoun, he used to write it,) Member of Congress, Speaker of the State House of Representatives, now Speaker of the Senate, - William Smith, probably the most energetic man amongst us, and the most original thinker, who many years ago was a member of the Missouri Legislature, but whom I have since lost, - Storrs, who besides his professional honours has had those of a Congressman from Connecticut, - and myself. Our luck has been better than the average of our classmates!

(9 Jan. 1848)

I came home from College in the summer of 1814, six weeks before the Commencement at which our class was to graduate. Our course of studies had been completed, and the examination for degrees was over.

The war with England was then at its crisis. Washington was sacked by the British army a few weeks after I reached Philadelphia, and the whole town was in military uproar. I knew scarcely any one among our young men; but a committee called on me from the 3d. Co. of Washington Guards, and I set down my name as a volunteer. A letter to Dr. Dwight, the old President, excused me from returning to College, when my father retracted his consent. We quarrelled, more angrily than I like to remember now, and I am afraid I was about to consummate a purpose which might have severed me from home for a long portion of my life, when news arrived of the repulse at North Point. I was wandering the streets late in the night, when the vidette galloped down Chestnut Street. I followed him to Gen. Bloomfield's Head Quarters, and as he came out from delivering his despatch bag, I recognized in him a stupid old schoolfellow of my



childhood, and learnt that the British had abandoned the attack on Baltimore. I went home, renewed my leave of absence from camp, drilled myself night and morning under an old Sergeant at the corner of Tenth and Filbert Streets, so as to be ready to join the Guards at the first chance of active service; but never approached any nearer to the honours of a campaign.

My father was disheartened at the reputation which I brought with me from College; and exaggerating perhaps my want of ability or of willingness to study, and influenced perhaps more than he was aware by the res angusta domi, (- for he had failed within the year, and all that could be saved from the income of Mother's separate estate went to satisfy his pressing honorary obligations, -) he declined entering me in a lawyer's office. This was a sore visitation to me. My purpose of life had been formed when I was a schoolboy at Mr. Drake's. I was resolved to be a lawyer, almost before I knew what a lawyer was, and during all the erraticism of my five years at New Haven, I kept the imagination before me, and found in it a sort of apology for my boltings (I think the racing gentry would call them) from the prescribed curriculum. I am not sure even now, that I was very absurdly wrong. I should have been more thoroughly educated no doubt, and a wiser man perhaps, had I lived up to College rules: perhaps I might have acquired the habit of early rising, had I been more regular at morning prayers by candle-light: - but then perhaps also - who knows? Of all our really hard students, I only remember at this moment a single one, Daniel Lord of New York, who has been distinguished in after life.

Restrained by my father from the study of law, I determined I would not be idle. My chamber was the little third story room over the vestibule, - (335 Market Street, next door to 9th). Mother gave me a fire in it, - I pilfered an extra allowance of candles, - and gave my days and nights to Shakespeare, Hume, and the Latin poets. Before the Spring I had made myself pretty much at home with Lucan, Juvenal, Persius, Catullus, and Martial, which had not formed part of my college readings, - and was as fond of Shakespeare as I am now. Hume, I do not know why, I never relished exceedingly; - I have tried him more than once since, - (I am talking of his History, -) but without a change of feeling. I prefer Swift infinitely as a Stylist.

In March or April 1815, my father consenting, I went down to Mr. Hopkinson's office, and enrolled myself as a student, promising to pay him his fee of \$400 when I should be admitted to the Bar. I found in the office Jemmy Henderson, - he never had the more dignified name of James, - who had become an attorney two or three years before, and was permitted to proclaim this fact by a tin on one of the window shutters, - and Tom Hopkinson, who read a little law and a deal of Hudibras, and was as deaf as a post.(c) With this hopeful trio to marvel at me, I began Blackstone at the rate of ninety pages a day.(d)



In May of the following year, I came of age. Some ancient ancestor of my mother, a Van Rensselaer, Beckman, (2) Livingston or Rutsen, had leased estates in Dutches County many years before for three lives in succession, rendering a small wheat rent. The estate in remainder had not been of value enough to invite alienation; and the lives having at last expired, my sister and myself were now entitled to possession. I set out therefore for Poughkeepsie, found the lands, dreary and wasted enough, some twenty miles off in Beckman's Clove and on the hills around it, and before I got back I had ceased to be a landed proprietor. I have regretted since that I did not keep a rugged field or two as a memorial of our family antiquity; for if I remember right, the title was older than the Duke of York's patent, and came down to me by regular descent without a deed. But I was very, very poor, - very, very much in love, - and perhaps, a very, very little in debt. If I thought of family, it was a future, not as past.

While on my errand of survey and sales, I visited the house where my father was born, and where Grandfather lived before he abandoned the American cause. It was in Dutchess County, close upon the Connecticut line, near Pawling's patent which covered my patrimony. There was a large stone building, which had been built for a storehouse with family rooms above; and this connected by a stone covered way with a dwelling at the distance of some fifty or sixty feet. This covered way was lighted by windows, and formed perhaps the principal feature of the series of buildings. The dwelling house was of frame, clapboarded, two stories high, and finished with something of pretension to style. I found it somewhat decayed, in the charge of a family, who carried me through it, and pointed out the room in which General Washington had slept when he was the guest of my grandfather in 1778. The site was a pretty one, but there were no trees remaining on what had once been the lawn but some time-shattered poplars.

Before returning to Philadelphia, I made a visit to my Uncle Jeremiah Van Rensselaer at Utica. He was my mother's brother and had married my father's sister Sybil, or as she was poetically nicknamed Adeline. I remember only three of their children, my double cousins, - Robert, then a child, who afterwards read law with me, and died some months or a year ago, leaving a widow of the Stuyvesant family, - Cornelia, who was then receiving the addresses of Frank Granger, afterwards Post Master General under Harrison, ( - I saw her daughter Adele last summer at her father's residence in Canandaigua, - ) and Alida, who was engaged shortly afterwards to Mr. Carroll, now a Member of Congress from Western New York. These two cousins of mine were the most beautiful women I have seen, entirely differing in form, feature, complexion, and expression, but both of them models for an artist. I have and have had a more elegant circle of female cousins than any body else that I know of, - Uncle Charles' daughters, Uncle



Oliver's, and Aunt Livingston's, certainly, - but my Van Rensselaer cousins at Utica: (they afterwards moved to Canandaigua:) were the most lovely of them all. Uncle Jerry's house was a cottage ornée, with a fine shrubbery in front, and it was appropriately furnished as the home of a man of taste, with library and music. I spent some days here very delightfully.

On my way home, I called upon Aunt Schuyler, at Belleville, near the falls of the Passaic. She had lost her husband, and was occupying a comfortable and pretty cottage near the old family mansion. That old mansion - I remember it as I do the Mysteries of Udolpho. I had visited it when a boy, returning from New Haven about the year 1810. It was a stately building of ancient brick, standing on a high grassy and well shaded hill, that sloped down to the Passaic, and to another stream running into it on the North. The spirit of improvement had modernized the rooms on one side of the large Hall, without however affecting the interior; but the Northern rooms and the Stairway and the Halls retained all their deep cut panelling, and wainscot, with no paint or varnish to reproach their antiquity. The great parlour was of polished oak, sides, ceiling and floor: in one of the heavy inside shutters a grape shot lay imbedded, that had been fired from the other side of the river during the War of the Revolution. I slept in the room above it, a venerable chamber, wainscoted throughout and hung with heavy dark crimson cloth. My bed had its hangings of the same character, and I remember that as I went towards it, after examining with a boy's curiosity the long rows of grim portraits on the staircase and upper hall till the family had all retired, the light of my candle seemed absorbed beyond recall in the sombre drapery. I passed the greater part of the night with fully assured imagination that I could not escape a visit from the cocked hatted and broad hooped gentry, whose eyes had followed me to my chamber door. They did not however deem me worthy of such honour; though, as Aunt Schuyler told me only this Summer, the well believed and long-treasured tradition was in favor of the probabilities of their giving me a call. Since that time, the house has passed out of the family: it was the dwelling of the late Petrus Van Stuyvesant, the millionaire.

I returned to my law books in Philadelphia, and pressed on with increased energy till the close of the winter of 1816-17. Mr. Hopkinson had become a member of Congress before I entered his office, and was absent in consequence during the winter. Having made up his mind to retire from practice at the end of his term, and to move up to Bordentown, he sent word to me in February, that on his return from Washington he would give me a thorough examination, and if I stood it, would move for my admission. He had examined me once before, and I had not forgotten it.

It was after I had just completed Blackstone for the third or fourth time, and had charged my memory specially with all the definitions. I walked bravely into the back office, and took position for



a two hour's siege. Mr. Kane, said Hopkinson, what is an estate? "Estates, Sir," says I, "are classified by Blackstone with reference to - " - "Yes, yes, yes, no doubt, no doubt; but what is an Estate?" - "It is of freehold, or less than" - "Yes, yes, yes," he interrupted me again, "but what is an Estate?" - "I can tell you, Sir," I replied, "what an Estate is, and all about it, if you will only let me know what sort of estate you mean." "That's the very thing, says he: "Status, Status, man, the interest one hath in lands tenements or hereditaments: these definitions are very important things, Mr. Kane: I would advise you to look them over carefully:" - and he bowed me into the front room.

Under the rules of Court, I was not entitled to admission till March 1818; and I had moreover an awful sense of the responsibilities and hazards that were between me and that honour. But I was desperately in love, and I knew that till I had a profession I had no hope in that quarter; while a train of suitors, whiskered and epauletted, lengthening out it seemed to me like the revolving series of Banquo's issue on the stage, was striving to anticipate me. I resolved to try the venture.

I was a fireman at this time, -(and remained so, by the way, till a lucky fall from the steeple of the Court House some years after I had children cured me of that folly without absolutely breaking my neck: -). My fire-coat was thick and flannel-lined, - I had a copy of Blackstone in my chamber at home, and between the coat and the book, with a segar to keep my nose warm, I managed to push my work at night without asking for a fire and so letting out my secret. What with the day's work in the office, and the additional four, five, or six hours' study in my chamber, I was ready by the middle of March to go a second time into the back office. My last exercise had been a formal analysis of Blackstone, scratched rudely over unnumbered sheets of letter paper, as I sprawled upon the floor, - the four volumes through, and all from memory. I have thought a hundred times, that whatever I have of legal knowledge dates from this very labour, and refers itself to it. I have no memory for cases, and very little for the books that contain them. But as I read or hear, my mind puts away the principles as so many annotations to Blackstone; and I can generally lay hold of them without much effort when I want them afterwards. (e)

I passed the office ordeal, and my committee was appointed, - it was a special one in those days, - Samson Levy, Joe Ingersoll, and Josiah Randall. Now it had so happened that Ingersoll just one week before was one of George Selden's Examiners, - and that the said George - (a most excellent student he was,) - had been by the said Joe stumped, and rejected. I was in a pheeze, for I thought better of Selden than of myself. I went to him. Mr. Ingersoll killed me, he said, with a single question: "The law of distress, - be pleased to give me as far as you are able a view of its origin and its progress, indicating the several statutes which have modified it in



England, the state in which it was when introduced into Pennsylvania, and the changes if any which have been made here." No wonder it killed poor Selden! the answer should have been a treatise in folio.

I had thirty-six hours before meeting the Committee. I employed them in devising an answer such as Selden might have made with a library on the table. Bacon, Gilbert, Bradby, Purdon, Heaven knows how many other books, I ran through out of breath; and had hardly consolidated them in one bulky response, when I climbed Mr. Levy's steps. A question or two from the old gentleman, as simple as any horn book matter, and I was turned over to Mr. Ingersoll. "The Law of Distress, Mr. Kane, be pleased to give me"; and on he went even to the end of it. I gathered myself up, and after a modest preface, gave him an answer that lasted forty minutes, and wound up with apologies for my imperfect memory. It closed the examination: he had no more questions, Mr. Randall had none, and Mr. Levy promised me to move my admission in the morning. I never told him the story until he had kept his word; but I did then.

It was I think the 8th of April, that I kissed the book as a lawyer and paid my dollar to the tipstaff; and before the week was out, I had tried a cause in Delaware County, being that of a Negro, well known as a chicken stealer, who had superadded to his atrocities the crime of stealing certain strings of half-dried herrings, and who under my defensive auspices was thereof lawfully convict.

I was not more successful in the next cause which I pleaded. The lady, who for nearly twenty nine years has done me the honour and the happiness of calling me her husband, was at that time less sensible of my many merits than she afterwards proved herself. I hired a bald faced mare of Mrs. Engle at Chester, rode out to the Mills, (4) and rode back again with my walking ticket in my pocket. This pleasant little excursion of Baldy and myself, took place on the 15th day of April, in the Year of Grace 1817.

I came up to town, hired an office in 7th St. facing Sansom, got a hugh book case and clumsy table built by my father's carpenter, - (the book case after many transmigrations now stands in Elisha's office, and the table for many years past has been promoted to kitchen uses, - ) bought eight chairs, second hand ones, at a furniture warehouse, - and with sundry books that I had picked up at auction, hung out my sign as an Attorney at law.

(23 Jan. 1848)

My first client was an old next door neighbour of my father, a retired, fat, paralytic old wine merchant, (I give his name, Henry Sheaffer) who had promised me his business at least a year before I was admitted. The Defendt. was old Mr. Pierce Butler, and the



subject matter a small contested bill for wine, which had been outstanding some twenty odd years before I heard of it. Mr. John M. Scott pleaded the Statute of Limitations, very properly, - I lost my cause of course, and with it my client and my fee. I remember, as if it were yesterday, the ejaculation of his daughter, Miss Debby Ann, when I announced the result, and called the old man's attention to the defendant's bill of costs: "Oh Pa, this comes of encouraging young lawyers: they lose your cause, and make you pay the costs besides!!"

I was more lucky in my next effort. My friend Col. Fairman, the Engraver, who had come from Albany, and whom my father befriended in consequence, had taken a liking to me because I liked his little son. He brought to me Joshua Shaw, the painter, who was my client for a quarter of a century afterwards, and filled my house with a galleryful of landscapes. He had been requested by Benjamin West to look after the Christ Healing the Sick, which came over in the same ship with him, as a present to the Pennsylvania Hospital, and to advise with the Directors about the mode of hanging and lighting it. He did so, and, with Mr. Sully, gave some ten days at the instance of old Sammy Coates, the Hospital treasurer, to the work of unrolling, placing, and draping it. Shaw, a thoroughbred Cockney, who aspirated everything but his Hs, made no contract for wages; counting, as he said, on the liberality of the "Gentry" connected with the institution to compensate him by orders for his easel. He was disappointed however: the Quaker Gentry had no taste for pictures that did not come gratis: and when Shaw came back, on the first morning of the exhibition, to look at his work of the night before, they made him pay twenty five cents for the privilege. It was a perilous case for a young lawyer; for in those days, to sue the Hospital and rob the Church were contra bonos mores alike: - but I undertook it, for I wanted to hear myself in a cause where there was anything to be said. Mr. Chauncey was the counsel of the Hospital.

We came before Arbitrators under the Compulsory Arbitration Act. Shaw had painted, while the case was on its way to the hearing, a large landscape, the cow-piece of upstairs, with the milkmaid on the wrong side; - and as he was as poor as a rat, Fairman bought the picture, and gave him \$200. for it. I proved by Sully, that Shaw, who worked very rapidly, had finished this cow-piece and another of about equal size in one fortnight; and thereupon, I claimed \$350. for my client's services in hanging the Hospital picture. Mr. Chauncey made me many compliments for my address, and praised me to my father, and the Arbitrators awarded in my favour.

It was a great triumph for me; and if I had ever been fool enough to believe in the stories, that tell of genius bursting suddenly out into fame and fatness, I might have expected what did not come to pass. As it was, I sat down in my office, which had now



got into the corner house, next to George Street, (for I had been already a year at the bar,) and waited without interruption for the moving of the waters.

How long I should have waited before becoming desperate, I can hardly guess now; but I know there were during my first year thick-coming fancies, sometimes of journeyings in Europe, sometimes of settling in the far west. (The gross receipts of my profession were in twelve months \$150., in twenty-four \$350.: they paid my office rent, but not my candles.) In the fall of 1817, however, a new element infused itself among my hopes.

I attended James Leiper as his groomsman: I had tried to get off from an old promise that I would do so; but he insisted, and I went down to the Mills to help him through his catastrophe. The morning after the wedding, as we were jumping and running foot races according to the primitive usages of that time, -(young gentlemen nowadays have more elegant sports, -) I had the good luck to break my head by a fall, and to be carried into the house, bleeding and senseless, before the ladies.

Adam Seckel was never accounted a man to see beyond the surface of a mill-stone; but he found out before I was roused from my stupor, that Miss Jane had mistaken her feelings when she rejected me. I imagined a similar discovery myself, as we rode up to town, when I was well enough to share a seat with her in Mr. Leiper's carriage. From that moment till now, she has been the light to my world of dreams. We were married on the 20 April, 1819, after an engagement of a year, and a courtship which had fairly begun before I was seventeen.

We were very happy, Jeanie, when we found ourselves in our snug, plainly furnished house in Sansom's Row, with our one woman-servant. There was no hopeful future before us; the present was enough. My nice little office in the front room, with the open Franklin Stove, and your parlour back, with the piano, (5) - how we divided our time between them. I studied then as I have never studied since, and you played and sang for me by the hour every evening. Do you remember our first purchase, the breakfast table, at the auction in Fourth Street! Such a bargain as it was, and so beautiful with its scrolled legs, - and the extravagance you reproached me with, when I bought the looking glass to hang above it. (The table is in the breakfast room, under the gas light; one of you broke its back by climbing on it, boys: - and the looking-glass is that self-same ill favoured one, which reflects with such dismal lack-lustre from the mantel of your chamber.)



*J. K. Kane*

Portrait of John K. Kane painted by  
Thomas Sully, 1824.





*J. D. L. Kane -*

Portrait of Jane Duval Leiper Kane  
painted by Thomas Sully, 1824

13. Feb. 1848.

I have let several weeks go by without making any progress in my work. The truth is, I have finished the only part of my life that has left pleasant marks upon my memory. The rest is a kaleidoscope series - (the epithet is not a bad one, for there has been symmetry, accidental and varying, in the disposition of its bright and worthless elements; -) of excitements, anxieties, sorrows, and unsatisfying progress. It was a tangled web at best, this active portion of my life; and I have clipped it so often to detach the incidents that had consequence for the moment, as to leave little but shreds behind.

I have been, I suppose, what others would call a lucky man. That is to say; I have had about as much professional success as my neighbours, - I have held public station, - have known some great men, (one at least,) and many whom History will call so, - and now at fifty-three, I have a happy family round me, or one that ought to be happy, - and, if we could only economise a little, enough for us to live on. I am afraid we are not justly grateful to the Source from which our blessings come: we might enjoy them more, if we more nearly deserved them.

I started in life, a poor young lawyer, - not so very poor, but that I could keep up the appearances as they are called, - that is to say my hat brushed and my linen clean, - but still poor in all, save the spirit of success. Judge Rush was on the Bench of the Common Pleas, - an excellent scholar in the law, and a very honest man, - but a perfect Turk in the administration of his office. It must have been while I was yet unmarried, that I had a tilt with him. I was arguing in the Quarter Sessions on a road case: it was the opening of South Street, westward from Ninth or Tenth Street; (- my old friend Ben Say represented a small interest affected by it:-) and Judge Rush intimated very distinctly that I was lying. I took my seat, withdrew, waited in my office for the adjournment of the Court, and then set out to call on the Judge. (Not to call him out, dear fiery young people: he was 70 to my 20; and besides, just at that time, as periodically since, challenges worked no honour to the giver.) I met the old man in the street, and managed to tell him the errand on which I was bound. A most gallant disclaimer on the instant of all purpose of imputation, and a marked protestation of his confidence in my professional integrity, made from the Bench the first time I ventured afterwards into his Court, were my introduction to Judge Rush's friendship. We sent me his tracts on Baptism and Washing the disciples' feet, which he regarded as both of them Christian Sacraments, - and would have helped me no doubt at the bar, - but death enabled Judge Hallowell to take the ermine as his successor.

How, or why it happened, I certainly never knew; - but in appointing Orphans' Court auditors once or twice, Judge Hallowell



thought of me. I did the work very well, and very cheaply, (I was married now, and had begun to calculate, -) and I was praised for the combination of the two merits, - and there the thing seemed to end. But it was not the end after all.

Tom Dunlap, Meredith, and James C. Biddle were defending certain negro burglars in the Quarter Sessions, and managed to get into a squabble with both jury and judge. Meredith and Biddle particularly went so far as to give opportunity for something more than judicial reprimand; and when the Court met in the afternoon, old Hallowell, receiving no apology in the meantime, committed the two to prison for a month. One of the three defendants having been convicted, - (the Court had granted separate trials:-) the two others came up for trial. Dunlap withdrew from the defence; and the prisoners, left without counsel, acceded to the Judge's proposal to assign representatives for them. The Bar was crowded with lawyers; for we had come in to the number of some sixty, to indicate sympathy with our brethren, who were awaiting censure, - and a whisper ran round, that whoever might be assigned, must at once refuse the office, on the ground that the action of the Court was in violation of the privileges of the Bar and the rights of the citizen. - To my overwhelming surprise, the Court named me to act for the prisoners, - and I had nerve enough to resist the united advice of all around me, and to accept the charge.

I was right, and my brethren were wrong. Years and much reflection have only impressed me more deeply with my first convictions of duty in a case like this. No matter what the circumstances, no matter what the circumstances, a lawyer has no right to refuse his services to an accused man, when called upon by the Court to render them. Pecuniary interest, popular esteem, liberty, life itself, are secondary to that great, primary, controuling duty of the lawyer, to see to it, that every man has justice administered to him according to the laws of the land.

I undertook the defence; - and I succeeded in it. The Domus Mansionalis was wrong laid, for the burglary was of a cellar, occupied by a negro undertenant, and the indictment charged the crime in the dwelling of the people upstairs. The Judge paid me some extravagant compliments at the expense of my predecessors, - the Jury, who were glad of the chance to retort for some uncomfortable incidents in the former trial, gave me a verdict without leaving the box, and came out to shake me by the hand, - and the Court refused even to sentence the rogue already convict, because, as they said, a conclusive matter of defence had been overlooked by his counsel. - (Biddle did not forgive me for my action in this affair for years afterwards: Meredith did, the very morning after, when I called on him in the Arch Street Gaol.)

I have set down this little incident, which dates of 1820 or '21, only because it explains why for some few years after this I received certain Auditor, and Examinerships from the Common Pleas, which



bought me salt, and enabled me to file in the office some papers signed with my name.

I had been married some six years, and was catching drop by drop the sprinklings from the edges of the fleece, when I found myself elected to the Legislature. How nominated, at whose suggestion, I have never had cause to suspect. Some of my comrades of the Philadelphia Hose Company, (old 'Nonsibi' as we used to call her from her bad Latin motto -) may have done it; but no one ever told me so, and I certainly intimated no wish for it. In those last days of the old Federal party, a man would have begged for a pair of breeches as readily as for a nomination or a vote.

I went to the Legislature; John M. Read, Wm. M. Meredith, George M. Stroud, William Lehman (the so called author of our Internal Improvement System, and the sponsor certainly of most of its faults,) and little Captain John R. C. Smith, (who commanded once on a time the first City troop,) my colleagues in the House. Sutherland, Ritner, Middlesworth, Calvin Blythe, James Dunlop, Gen. Smith of Huntingdon, Judge Shippen of Crawford, Jon<sup>n</sup> Roberts, Joshua Hunt of Chester, and other men above the common rank were also members. My colleagues kept bachelor's Hall by themselves, and to a great extent associated only with their own mess: I kept a room at Wilson's, (now Prince's,) and my associations were Legion. The result was, that I had something more than my share of influence, though it availed much to nobody. The Session rolled round with the ordinary diversity of unprofitable incident. We killed a regiment of Coal incorporations, which had pledged themselves to reduce Coal to Six Dollars if we would give them charters, - we tried to kill as many judges, whose tenacity of official life was the main cause of the amended Constitution eleven or twelve years afterwards, - we received La Fayette in triumph, coaching him about in a stage wagon with the top sawed off, the only barouche within our reach, - we elected Marks a Senator of the United States, a nobody that kept tavern somewhere west of the Alleghany ridge, and was chosen after some thirty ballots to get him out of the speakership of the State Senate, - sixteen of us made fools of ourselves by voting for John Sergeant, on every balloting, as our brother federalist, and got his thanks for it, - and that was about all we did. John Andrew Shulze was Governor the while, a fine looking Dutchman, and a stately presence, - and Frank Shunk, the honest and kind-hearted, as every one knew him then, was our admirable Clerk H. R. --

That winter, Mr. John Quincy Adams (6) was elected President by the House of Representatives at Washington, and Mr. Clay, who had been the Warwick, became his Secretary of State under the well-known bargain. The old political parties were shattered by the controversies to which this gave rise; and before the session ended, it was plain that new issues were about to be contested, under new combinations of public men. The fusion had



begun which resulted shortly after in the more modern crystallization of parties.

While I was at Harrisburg, I was awaked one night by a visit from my cousin Elias, whom I had not seen since we parted at College. He had taken his seat in the U. S. Senate a few days before, and was on his way Westward after the adjournment of the Special Session. His career had so far been rapid and brilliant: he was eminent at the bar, the best loved and most trusted man of his State; and the certainty was before him, in the long future to be sure, of realizing his highest ambition as a Judge of the Supreme Court of the United States, so soon as Congress should add to the number of the Bench. Poor fellow! the Act enlarging the Court passed a few weeks after his death: General Jackson and Mr. VanBuren both told me his was the only name that had been suggested for the Northwestern Circuit. He died in December, 1835, at the close of his second Senatorial term: I watched at his bedside, and assisted to lay him in the ground.

I returned from the Legislature, denuded of professional business, income, and habits. But I again set myself to work, and under the spur of necessity made more rapid progress than I had done before. My reputation as a legislator! did as much for me as it has done for all others who have sought the article in the same field, - nothing; but I was now an older man, and had given hostages to fortune, and had more of them in preparation. I worked harder; and paying attention occasionally to the business of the City, for I was made a Common Councilman, I got the character of a trustworthy citizen. Besides this, I owed something to my associations with the Chesapeake and Delaware Canal Company.

I owed my introduction into this Company to old Mathew Carey, and my introduction to him grew out of his crazy interest in the project for which it had been organized. The Corporation had existed for more than twenty years in an insolvent state, with the trace of a canal paper, a few miles of feeder excavated, and some well calculated surveys to aid in the location of a more popular line. Mr. Carey had imagined a scheme for recalling the project to favour, and called a meeting at one of the hotels to begin his operations. But though he could write and print with a rapidity that before the days of locomotives and electric telegraphs defied all parallel, he could never speak six words without boggling. Old Mr. Leiper had sent me to him, to look over some pamphlets in his library on another subject; and Mr. Carey, who never had room in his mind for two ideas at once, broached his Canal meeting, and insisted that I should take charge of it. It was in vain that I protested ignorance, total and hopeless: it was afternoon, and the meeting was to be in three hours after. But there was no getting off without a quarrel: indeed our whole colloquy might have been well mistaken for one. Carey crammed me with documents: I made the speech; electrified an assemblage of mercantile grannies



with my overflowing knowledge of Engineering, topography, and statistics, was placed on the Committee of Five, and became the leading member of the new board of Directors, and what was more important to my finances, its lawyer. (f)

The embarrassments of the old Company and the knavery of some of our contractors made quite a comfortable little nucleus for a young practice. I drew contracts, wrote opinions, argued cases, and sent in my bills, moderate yet large. I could not have got along at all, if I had been without such a client to fall back upon.

For a year or two I meddled very little in politics. The gallant old Federal Party was resolved into its elements: the best men of it hated Mr. Adams for his ancient apostacy, and the libels under which he sought to mask it: many of the younger had come upon the stage during the war with England, or the "Era of good feelings" as Mr. Monroe's Administration was called: and not a few were essentially Democrats in everything but the party badge. Besides all this, the party of Mr. Adams tolerated at least in Philadelphia no hesitating allegiance. Mr. John Sergeant and Mr. John Binns led off the chaunt of excommunication, one of Federalist, the other of Democrats. The doubters were damned on both sides.

I had never doubted from the moment of Mr. Adams's election by the House, and had taken my ground before leaving Harrisburg. I was hardly of importance enough to be worth denouncing, but I was liberally honoured in that behalf. Perhaps, but for this I should never have left my law books and my grey-goose-quill again. They gave me no choice, and in 1826 I gave them the first requital by defeating Mr. Sergeant's election to Congress. In 1827, every Jackson man was formally struck from what was still called the Federal ticket, and the names so signalized found a place within the week on the Democratic nomination. There was mutual transfusion.

The campaign of 1828 followed. I was in it up to the armpits. I called meetings, collected money, got up transparencies, engaged election houses, conducted correspondence, and wrote pamphlets. My "Candid View of the Presidential Question" went through editions all over the country.

Gen. Jackson gained our Electoral vote in November. In the October proceedings, we carried our Democratic city ticket by a large majority, its first victory in many years. Our Council chose Mr. Dallas for Mayor, and he in the most courteous manner surprised me with the appointment of Solicitor to the City. It was almost the beginning of my acquaintance with Mr. Dallas; but there were many sympathies in common between us, and though our official connexion continued but a few months, for, in April of the next year I think, he became District Attorney, we have since had much of the intimacy of friendship.

Mr. Dallas is a person of elegant rather than forcible mind. He thinks well, judges wisely, and is not timorous in the expression



of his opinions. But he does not originate bold truths: he elaborates and sustains them. Sometimes, of course, he has been behind the wave of progress: he was so for a while on the bank question, but his instinctive sympathy with the masses soon brought him right. He is well read, not deeply, - observes quickly, but is too sanguine to judge of character as jealously as it deserves. He is an honest and thoroughgoing friend, exactly veracious in narrative, upright in conduct himself and over-charitable perhaps to others. His domestic life is admirable.

In the last fortnight of February, I went to Washington to join in the welcome to General Jackson. My cousin secured me a seat at his Senatorial mess table, with Tazewell (7), Hugh S. White, (8) Rudolph Bunner, (the supposed draughtsman of Gen. Jackson's inaugural address,) James Hamilton (who was there to represent Mr. Van Buren, and to be his substitute for a while in the State Department,) and two or three others, all political leaders, or aspiring to be so. Our landlady was Mrs. Payton -, who afterwards married Judge White, and misled him by her ambition into all the eccentricities of his later party course.

White was an erect, lantern-faced man, with a sharp eye and placid mouth. His hair was a whitish grey, but his step was firm and tolerably rapid. They called him the Cato of the Senate; and not having then been tempted over much, he deserved the title. But he became dissatisfied with his old friend the General before I left Washington, because he had not been called into conclave council. He and Tazewell had been Commissioners together under the Florida Treaty, and it was well understood that he would have recommended Tazewell for the Cabinet if he had been asked for his opinion.

Gen. Jackson more wisely chose Mr. Van Buren. Tazewell was unfit for a Councillor: his memory was too inaccurate, or rather his imagination too prolific for anything more momentous than an after-dinner wine table. He was a person of noble presence, had abundance of elegant and precise words, great powers of sarcasm, and affected the Roman gesticulation in debate. I had met him years before, when John Randolph was his colleague, and sat out a long night over Senator Berrien's dinner table in company with the two.

I had the good fortune to attract Randolph's notice by a trifling incident which fixed me in his memory for some years. He was talking at the top of his voice, (and he was the most brilliant talker, not conversationalist, I ever knew,) and about himself. As he quoted Shakespeare, Warwick's speech, "Betwixt two girls, which hath the merrie eye" &c. Col. Drayton undertook to correct him. There was an appeal round the table, and as it happened, I was the only person that remembered the whole passage. Later in the night, still talking of himself and complaining that he could not sleep a-nights, he began to recite an Ode of Horace, a line of which he



said had been puzzling him for hours the night before, and which again escaped him. He looked down to where I sat, and asked whether I could help him as I had done with Shakespeare. I fortunately remembered the measure of the line, and repeated it. He bowed without a remark; but Judge Berrien whispered to me a moment after: "You have made a friend, and if you come up to the Senate tomorrow you will find it: I shouldn't be surprised if he made a speech for you."

It was so, sure enough. Mr. Randolph came up to me in the lobby as soon as I got in, took a seat at my side, talked over our dinner-party in his shrill, high-keyed, almost soprano, perhaps rather castrato voice, insisted on my dining with him, and when I declined, insisted so loudly that I had to give in, and then going inside the bar, made a speech full of Latin quotations, which he prayed the Reporters to set down without mutilating the quantity, - came to me again, made another speech, - again, and made a third. He had not spoken for months before; and most assuredly, so far as stinging satire and contemptuous sarcasm are necessary elements of Senatorial oratory, he squared accounts, and made up for lost time.

One of his speeches was that which led to his duel with Mr. Clay; though I have heard that a provocation, quite as acrid, had been given some weeks before in a conversational debate in Secret Session, which Mr. Clay of course could not take notice of. I have never seen this speech of Mr. Randolph's reported: the caricature of it that was published was more like a wild string of maniac incoherencies, than a keen, contemptuously playful, but at the same time exceedingly bitter, review of Mr. Clay's personal and political life, - which the speech in fact was. I am almost tempted to describe the scene as I remember it, for I think I remember it precisely; - but it is very late now, and my wife is calling me.

Feb. 25, 1848.

It was the first winter of Mr. Adams's presidency, I think, for Mr. Clay's intervention in bringing about his election was at the time a prominent topic of censorious remark. Randolph quoted from the Bible as one of his every day books, and noticing a smile on the face of some friendly Senator, drew out the drawer of his desk, and lifting up a book, exclaimed without looking at it, "Yes, Sir, the Bible!" - It turned out to be Shakespeare that he was holding up, and the smile was renewed on the part of some who sat near him. The drawer was still open, and shifting Shakespeare to his left hand he took up the Bible. "Yes, Sir, the Bible! - and Shakespeare! and" - making a third movement to the drawer, and bringing out the remaining volume, - "and - Tom Jones!" - "Good books, all



of them, Sir, though oddly sorted." - "By the way," he continued, looking playfully at Calhoun, the Vice President, "have you read Tom Jones lately? - 'Tisn't in this volume though," - throwing down the book, - "But there's a chapter in the other one, that shows how fiction may anticipate history: it is where Blifil the puritan and Black George the poacher combine to swindle the hero of his right. - Sir, Chaucer sang of it, before it was chronicled in the Capitol, that snowbearded January from Old Massachusetts had mingled in espousals with the blooming May, the eldest daughter of Virginia: - but we were the first to see on the stage of real life the blue-bonneted puritan of New England sharing the profits of the shuffle with the political Black Legs of the West!" -

Mr. Clay challenged him immediately, and they fought near Alexandria; Randolph selecting that ground in preference to Bladensburg, because as he said though he had no objection to fight in Maryland, he would rather die in Virginia.

I had my complimentary dinner at his lodgings, while the duel was pending, a very expensive affair, with many distinguished guests. But our host had thrown away his opium box, and in his zeal to keep his spirits up to concert pitch, he overtaxed his head, and became very, very -----.

I saw him afterward whenever I went to Washington, and always was noticed kindly. He was fond of reminiscences, - hated Philadelphia, was as familiar with Debrett as a herald's clerk, drove blood horses ill-groomed in a heavy English chariot, and dressed like an English country gentleman on a riding match. I could fill my paper with anecdotes of him and anecdotes from him.

He was an admirable hater, especially of Yankees, and of these he hated old John Adams most, and next to him John Q., who he said "was serving out his father's time." He seldom praised any one; and when he did, it was almost always to give the point of contrast to a sarcasm. He said on the floor of the House to Timothy Pickering, that he envied him for his epigram - "the man, who was honoured by the friendship of Washington and the hate of his successor."

Gen. Smyth, who had made bullying proclamations during the war on the Niagara frontier, but never crossed it, made one day an attack on him in the House. Randolph began his reply, by "congratulating the General, that he had at last learnt the art of carrying the war into the enemy's country".

He told me one day a story about old Mr. Leiper, so perfectly characteristic, that as I am writing for the young folks, I may as well put it down. While Congress was yet in Philadelphia, very few houses and still fewer dinner tables were open to Democrats. Mr. Leiper's hospitality was always redundant, and Randolph shared it freely. Years afterwards, when the Charter of the First United States Bank was about to expire, Mr. Leiper went with a committee of the directors to solicit its renewal. "I was



sitting," said Randolph, "in my parlour with a number of gentlemen, when the servant brought up a card: it was a large printed one, and apparently a tradesman's advertisement - (you know it was old Mr. Leiper's affectation to use his manufacturer's card;) - I threw it on the table without reading it, and the conversation went on. A little while after, an old gentleman walked in, in a full suit of drab, with small clothes, and bright shoebuckles, and his head heavily powdered. I did not perceive him until he had stopped in the middle of the room. As I rose, he said to me with a marked Scotch accent - 'And how do ye do, Mr. Randolph?' - 'I fear, Sir,' said I, 'you have the advantage of me,' - 'Have I, Sir? - then by the Lord, I'll keep it,' and turning his back to me, he walked as straight as a musket barrel out of the parlour. It was a minute's work, to find from the servant that the old gentleman was the same whose card I had thrown on the table. I ran to the front door, but Mr. Leiper was out of sight. I called immediately at his lodgings: he had not come in. - The next day; he was dining out. The next: - the servant at the boarding house didn't know, but would call Mr. Leiper's servant. He came, with my card in his hand, trying to spell it. Putting his hand into the window of my carriage, he asked 'Is this Mr. Randolph's card?' 'Yes.' He dropped the card inside. 'Master told me I needn't bring any more of them in.' -- I never saw Mr. Leiper afterwards."

I have strayed away from my story. And yet there was one other person whom I met for the first time during this Washington visit, that I cannot forget, - Mrs. General Peter B. Porter. She was the wife of Mr. Adams's last Secretary of War, and the sister of all the Breckinridges of clerical fame. A tall, elegant woman, of strong mind, hospitable spirit, and most queenly manners. She made me her escort to the Birth Night Ball, where she was the only lady of the departing Administration and the centre of all respectful attentions. I renewed my acquaintance with her afterwards at Black Rock, when returning from Niagara with my wife, and became her debtor for substantial kindnesses.

I wish I could venture to describe the wonderful man, who was the great object of this journey to Washington. In after years I became well acquainted with General Jackson, and had many proofs of his confidence and regard; and perhaps before I leave these rambling notes altogether, I may throw together my impressions of his character. He was a great man, the immeasurable superior of all the men I have ever seen. He had more force of will, more electric quickness of thought, more decision of act upon emergency, more enduring faith in himself and in the people and in the power of truth, more abstraction of personality, except as to his duties, - of their consequences he never thought, - and as the result of all these, he had an absoluteness of controul over the feelings, desires, purposes, actions, and affections of others, more



dominant and overpowering, than any human being that I ever read of. We had no disguises: - he despised heartily, - I do not know that he hated, - and he spoke his contempt: he trusted, - it was always without stint, - and he perilled everything for his friend. He invited discussion of his opinions and policy, and liked those best who canvassed them with most freedom; - but once resolved, he could neither change, nor think of it. He was a courtly gentleman, exact in the observance of the old fashioned military proprieties, yet not as one who studied them or cared about them; for there was an occasional dash of Western off-handedness in his manner, and when he was alone with a little circle of friends, no one could relax more delightfully. At such times, - I have seen them often while I was in the French Commission, - he would draw his low arm chair to the side of the fireplace, and when his daughter had filled his pipe, he would talk over the men and the policies of the day without a particle of reserve, or tell a story of early border life, and sometimes though rarely he would be led along into the incidents of his campaigns: - or else he would argue his farming schemes and his crops and the improvements he was making at the Hermitage, or listen to the projects of his friends, and perhaps call for his butler to mix a toddy, and laugh over some of the petty vexations of his household, - his door keeper, Jemmy O'Neal, one of the richest subjects, - and Boulanger, the steward, who spent too much money. - And sometimes, little Rachel, the daughter of his adopted son, or some of Mrs. Donaldson's children, who come in for a cake or a kiss before going to bed, and nobody could doubt their welcome. He told a story well, and could laugh heartily.

The picture which I have of him is I think better than any other, except the one which Healy painted at the Hermitage when the old gentleman was near his death. Mine was painted by Col. Earl from the life, - (most of his were a succession of traced copies, - ) and the General put on a military coat to sit in. When I asked him how he liked the likeness, he said "It looks as I would like to look." - Of other memorials of him, I have the inkstand - (a plain glass one), - and the boxwood sand box, that he used on his working table: when he was leaving the White House, he gave them to Major Lewis for me. They have made as enduring marks on the history of the world as the sword of Caesar.

General Jackson as a public man has already the judgment of posterity in his favour. His most daring reforms, or innovations, if you choose to call them so, are incorporated into the settled policy of the Nation, and time will only modify their details, or extend their application to new circumstances. But when they were first proclaimed, not as topics for inquiry nor even things of purpose, but as acts consummated and not to be cancelled, they encountered on all sides denunciation and alarm.

Both parties had been looking for some time to the renewal of the



Bank Charter, as a question on which they were to try their strength; but of later years, it seemed as if it might be decided without much asperity of argument. The Bank had been incorporated by a Democratic Administration, upon the recommendation of the elder Mr. Dallas, and had received the approval of Mr. Madison, - reluctantly on the part of all of them no doubt; - yet, on the whole, it had worked well, especially since Mr. Biddle had been at the head of it, and it was exceedingly powerful whether as an opponent or an ally. Its influences had branched out through all the States: very many leading men were its debtors everywhere. It controuled legislatures, currency, and the press. The State of Pennsylvania, always staunch in her Democracy at the polls, but imperfectly instructed in Democratic principles, was unanimously on its side. (I believe I was myself the writer of the very first newspaper article, that ventured to attack it.) The President's cabinet was almost undivided in its favour; Barry, the P. M. G., alone in the opposition. Indeed, the question was deciding itself quietly in advance. The political sky was all smiling. Congress had adjourned in unusual good humour: - I remember my cousin Elias saying to me, as he was setting out for the West, that for once he was going to have a quiet vacation, and he was glad of it for he was tired of stumping it. General Jackson had gone on a tour to New England, with a cortege of Cabinet officers. He had passed through triumphs at Philadelphia and New York, and was in the midst of the hospitalities of Boston. Harvard University had just gone to the verge of the ludicrous, by dubbing him a Doctor of Civil and Canon Laws. It was the "Ora of good feelings" come back again: the Whigs had forgiven the "military chieftain", and had actually begun to praise him.

A clap of thunder in a clear sky! - the President had ordered the public moneys to be withdrawn from the Bank! - The order came from Boston: - Mr. McLane, the Secretary of State, had remonstrated against it; and his nominee and subordinate, Mr. Duane, who was in the treasury at Washington, hesitated about obeying it: "the Act of Congress referred the discretion to the Secretary, not the President." There was a good deal of characteristic foolery on the part of Mr. Duane; but it did not last long: the President removed the Secretary, and the Secretary's successor removed the deposits. The thing was done. It was the night attack of the 23rd of December before the battle of New Orleans: ( - we used to call it so in his family circle: - ) the first blow of the campaign.

And a staggering blow it was: - but from that moment, the war was to the knife. Wealth saw its influence struck at and spurned, and, to an extent which it could not measure, its very existence endangered. Bankrupt politicians of both denominations looked out on exposure and disgrace, as well as ruin, in the contraction of the currency, the withdrawal of loans, legislative



scrutinies, and the ultimate fall of their monster patron. Conservatism, startled by the din around it, began to talk as usual about charter rights, the Supreme Court, and prosperity as it had been. Timorousness and lack of principle, two expressions often for the same thing, neutralised many among the democrats. The Whigs sprang forward to the favourable moment of attack, - the Bank opened its vaults to them, paid their newspapers, and pamphlets, and electioneering orators, - and merchants and manufacturers swelled the panic, by dismissing all their workmen who would not enlist in the patriotic crusade. In Philadelphia especially, the decencies of social life were outraged: no man could excuse Gen. Jackson, but he was at once put under the ban: we were shut out from every house: we were dropped from the ticket in the petty corporations where we had been officers: (- it made poor Roberts Vaux cry, for he had plumed himself upon his many corporate honours: - ) democratic lawyers, - they were not many, for the Law is genteel in Philadelphia, and Democracy is not, - lost their clients, and shop keepers their custom, and traders their discounts: the local banks joined in league to deny a resting-place in their vaults to the public deposits: - (they were always a nuisance; so Mr. Biddle protested; and no one dared to doubt Mr. Biddle: - ) and when our Ward Elections came on, and we counted off on opposite sides of the street, as we used to do then, for judges of the Election, the Whig line was studded with banners "Bank, or no Bank?", and committees went along our line, with little books, to "prick down" names for proscription.

My intimacy with General Jackson dates from this period. He had been at my house, to receive a professional visit from Dr. Physic, as he passed through Philadelphia; but I was not then heartily familiar with him. I was at Washington, attending the French Commission, when he returned there, and found myself drawn closer to him as his friends thinned off. I have heard him say more than once about this time: "We shall lose a good many of them, Sir; but those that remain will be the easier counted."

I saw a good deal of him during the Nullification controversy with South Carolina, and was as close in his confidence as almost any other man, while Louis Phillippe was making up his mind about executing the Indemnity Convention by paying over the stipulated five millions. He seemed to me at these seasons of crisis, to regard himself as the second in an affair of honour, in which his principal was the Country. There was nothing then of haste or excitement about him, - not so much as when a topic of little more than ordinary interest was on his mind, affecting either his friends or himself. He was still easy and open in general intercourse, and always seemed secure of the result; but there was a stern decision, a reserve approaching almost to jealousy in his manner, whenever any movement of the opposing party, or his own policy on the other side was referred to.



I particularly remember a couple of incidents during the French dispute, which may illustrate my meaning. Mr. Rives, in selecting at the State office the documents, connected with his treaty negotiation, which should be sent to the Senate, had included a letter of his, which intimated that the indemnity stipulated by France might be greater than we had a right to. This letter was published by the Senate, and was afterwards referred to in the French Chamber of Deputies as justifying their neglect to carry the stipulation into effect. The President had spoken decidedly in his Annual Message of the delays on the part of France, and Louis Phillippe in his next address to the Chambers adverted to the language of the Message. The translator made him say something like this: "My Minister will not fail to demand an explanation upon the subject; and in the result, I shall not forget to maintain the honour of France." - Mr. Edward Livingston, who had been negotiating for harmony at the Tuileries, and had come home in diplomatic indignation, but with feelings anxiously pacific, was correcting the translator's blunder: 'Demande meant merely ask, and to ask an explanation was the right of a friend and the security of Friendship.' "All very true, Mr. Livingston," said General Jackson, "I have no doubt your translation is right; but to ask an explanation, and suggest consequences if it be not given, is a threat, Sir, a threat."

So, when after closing up our Commissioners' Report, which had distributed the fund among the claimants in advance, I had analyzed our awards at the President's request, and found that, according to the strictest principles which the French Ministry had recognized, there was due us a much larger sum than we were to get: - I brought in my report, and read it over to the President and Mr. Livingston together. They were very much pleased: Now, said Mr. L., rubbing his hands, we have only to send this document to France, and the dispute is at an end. "No, Sir, said the General: this is very well for us, to give us the proof that we were not mistaken in our representations to France; but as for France, she has our word already, and that must be enough for her."

I have one more anecdote to set down, and then I will get back if I can to the hero of my story, the veritable "P. P., clerk of this parish." It was during the very darkest hours of the Nullification controversy, and your mother, who was visiting Uncle Elias's family in Washington, went with me to spend the evening at the White House. A good many persons came in while we were there; and all talked, of course, with deep interest, either angry or anxious, on the one great subject. As they left the room, your mother turned to the President: "General, I wonder that this excitement don't kill you." "My dear Madam," he answered with strong emphasis, "it will not let me die." Indeed, he seemed to thrive best under responsibilities and care; and it was for all his friends a question of much doubt, when his eight years were about



to close, whether he would be able to bear up against the relaxation and repose of a private station.

I never saw him after he went home to Tennessee; but it is pleasant for me to remember that he did not lose his regard for me, and that in one of his latest and most characteristic letters, (written to Blair, <sup>(9)</sup> on the occasion of Mr. Buchanan's induction to Mr. Polk's cabinet,) he referred to me as one of those whose principles and instincts he could always rely on.

Majora! canamus. I remained City Solicitor after Mr. Dallas left the Mayoralty, until the end of 1830, when Mr. John M. Read organized the Whig party anew, and brought it into power. I call it the Whig party; though I do not remember the precise name which it bore at that particular time. It was the party of the Bank, and Mr. Read took my place.

In the autumn of that year, however, I turned the tables on him, and in January 1832 he handed me back the city papers. The Whigs triumphed again in the fall, but Mr. Read was not reappointed, and he has been almost ever since a good Democrat.

In the summer of 1832, I was appointed by General Jackson one of the Commissioners under the Convention of indemnity with France. My colleagues were George W. Campbell of Tennessee, and Thomas H. Williams of Mississippi. The first of these was a character. He had been a member of Congress very many years before, and showed apprehension enough there to quarrel with Barent Gardenier of New York for an insult on the floor, and to shoot him afterwards in the quietest and most gentlemanly manner imaginable. He was in the Senate during the War, as chairman of the Committee of Finance, and also, as I have heard, of the Foreign Affairs or the Military Committee at the same time. Mr. Madison made him Secretary of the Treasury in the financial crisis that followed Gallatin's retreat, (for a retreat, and a cowardly one it was, however masked;) and he held the place a whole month, before he broke down. A good many years after this, he was our Minister to St. Petersburg, and spent a couple of years there, very well respected. And in 1832, he was called by General Jackson, without any solicitation of his own, to head our French Commission. - All this, - and yet this same G. W. Campbell was without an individual exception the slowest, dullest, most thoroughly commonplace personage, I have in my whole life been associated with. He was honourable, and proud, and it was said of him as it is of stupid people generally, that he was a man of good judgment.

Dr. Chapman told me an anecdote about him on the authority of Col. Coles, who was Madison's private secretary; which I am forced to believe, because it explains how he came to be at the head of the Treasury, a circumstance not otherwise susceptible of explanation at all. Campbell had with infinite labour got ready what he intended should be the report of his finance committee. A



difficult subject at best for a thick-headed man, it was at this time singularly complicated by the embarrassments of the Country, and the state of parties in the Government. He carried his brouillon to the President to read over, as Mrs. Madison has told me was the custom of the day. The President asked permission to retain it till he could write out a few suggestions on some of the points which it embraced, and in the end found it most convenient to embody his notions in something like a contre project, which Campbell had the good judgment to adopt as a substitute for his draught. The report was immensely praised, and brought down upon the President an irresistible solicitation from the party, that its author Mr. Campbell should take charge of the empty bags that represented for the time the Treasury of the U. S.

He made but one great transaction while he held the keys. He sold a large loan to Jacob Barker, the shrewdest semi-rogue of the New York Stock Exchange. Jacob was to pay a handsome price for it, but the price was to come down to the market rate in case the Government credit should continue to decline. The result was of course: Barker with his breeches full of loan certificates had the command of the market, and the price of them went down and still lower, until he was satisfied with his bargain. I have always understood that this was the dyspepsia which killed out the Secretary.

Mr. Williams had also been in the Senate. He was a man of fair mind, but too lazy to pull on his boots. Between the two, our Commission made ludicrous progress. We got together by eleven in the forenoon, - the Secretary then began reading the Memorials of claimants, Judge Campbell making notes the while, and Mr. Williams stretching out his legs, (they were long ones, and loosely hung:) - and dinner time welcomed us when we had got over a dozen or sixteen. As this was the first reading, to ascertain their formalities and general scope, - to be followed by a second examination with the proofs of spoliation, and a third with the proofs and computations (sic) of amount, - and as the whole number of memorials over ran 2500 before we were done, - it was a question of more than arithmetic, in what portion of our allotted two years we should complete our work.

Luckily one day Judge Campbell had to leave the Commission in session for an hour or two while he attended to some other business; and before he got back, Mr. Williams and myself, reading each for himself and referring to each other only in cases of doubt, had gone through a pile of forty. After this, we distributed the labour; but it was too much for Williams: he resigned, and Gen. R. M. Saunders, of North Carolina, now our Minister at Madrid, succeeded him.

Saunders had an active, nisi prius mind; but was impatient of research, and not familiar with maritime law. Still he worked, and would squabble with Judge Campbell for hanging back in the



traces, which Williams was too lazy to do; and between us, we performed the labour of the Commission: - that is to say, he did one fifth of it, and I did the rest.

The French Government was tardy in furnishing the proofs from the Archives at Paris and in the Colonies, and the Commission was extended in consequence to the 1st of January, 1836. Congress was altogether willing to have given us a further extension, and Mr. Webster, who was at the head of the Foreign Relations of the Senate, and had some cases which he wanted to re-argue before us, urged us strenuously to consent to sit another year. But I was thoroughly broken down by overwork; I saw that I could just get through in time; I knew that to enlarge our time was only to renew our labours; and I refused: Gen. Saunders had a State appointment in view, which another year would lose for him; - we were a majority; - and the Commission closed its labours. The night of the 30th Dec., the whole day of the 31st, and till within the last half hour of the year, I kept my place in the Commission-Chamber, - and returned to the table at three in the morning, to sign my name, unconscious, to our final certificates and reports.

Upon the whole, the work of the French Commission was well done, - very honestly, with much labour, and without probably many blunders. I drew up a set of "Notes" of the principal points which we decided, and printed them for private circulation in a pamphlet of some 90 or 100 pages: - I have been told that with the Neapolitan and other subsequent Commissions, my little brochure has served for a text book. We would have been willing to pay well for equally authentic reports of the precedents established by the Florida Commission before us.

23 Mar. 1848.

With the French Commission closed my intimacy of communion with Washington. As I look back at the time that I spent there, I am convinced that if I was not happy there, it must have been my own fault. My Uncle Elias's house, always open to me as a home and a delightful one, was the centre of the best social circle in the country. My cousins Elisebeth and her sisters, educated and well-toned ladies, - Elias, my brother-friend, - Uncle, the soul of gallant, cordial hospitality, - Aunt Debby, the impersonation of the excellent Dutch lady of the closing Knickerbocker generation of Albany, - Theodore, - and wonderful old Mammy Rose, who couldn't see the horse that pulled the locomotive, and wondered that I had grown so since she saw me last in 1801, - this was the household. The visitors that were around the fireside every evening were the great men of the Nation, Mr. Van Buren, then Vice-President, Silas Wright, John Forsyth, Major Eaton, Gen. Macomb, Buchanan sometimes, Col. King of Alabama, Gen.



Gratiot, - in a word the elite of Congress and the Departments; - and among them came the diplomats, Sir Charles Vaughan of England, Martiny of Holland, Tacon of Spain, and the rest by turns. And there I met Washington Irving, Fitz-Greene Halleck, Bancroft, and whatever of literature found itself astray at any time in the ten miles square. It was the delightful house of Washington, where the fire was always bright, and the lamps well trimmed, and the rooms never solitary, nor the guests dull. - And from it, had I chosen, the step was always an invited one into every other circle, - of high life, or fashion, (very different things at Washington, and so far as my observation goes, every where else, - ) or frolic, or political intrigue. Excitement was all about me, and I could dip into it, or withdraw myself as I liked, at any minute.

I have mentioned Silas Wright. My intimacy with him began through my cousin Elias; and though we never met during the last three years of his life, I know that we continued to value each other. When I used to visit Washington after the Commission had closed, my first visit was always to his Committee room, and there in the utmost unreserve of confidence he would at once post me up, as he said, upon all the political secrets of parties and men. He was a shrewd observer, and could read deep in the thoughts of men. He was Mr. Van Buren's closest friend, and during his administration guided him more, and more wisely, than any one else. He led the democracy of the Senate; and while Calhoun and Benton and Buchanan were all striving anxiously and angrily to seem the great men which it was their ambition to become, Mr. Wright's office was to soothe their jealousies, and point their onsets of rivalry against the common enemy. It was not an easy task, for Calhoun would bolt, and Benton would bully, and Buchanan sneak; but he was the superior of all three, and they felt that with claims higher than theirs, he asked nothing for himself. He had wonderful sagacity, integrity of the highest possible order, great powers of reasoning, absolute fearlessness, a smooth and dignified yet not very elevated style of debate, perfect command of temper, and a simplicity of habits and manner altogether unaffected, but which no one could approach without affectation. He was the Model Democrat of all men I have ever seen.

I once went to him soon after Mr. Van Buren's inauguration, at the instance of a number of the Senators, to persuade him to become Secretary of the Treasury. Woodbury was then very unpopular, and it was well known that if Wright would consent to succeed him, many party griefs would be healed. I have doubted sometimes whether his friend the President would have failed in the second canvass, if this arrangement had been carried out.

Mr. Wright's reply to me was altogether characteristic. "They do me a great honour," he said, "and I do not doubt they are sincere in it. But why in the world should I be tempted to leave



the Senate, where I can do our friend some good, just to be badgered day after day like Levi Woodbury. You know I have no taste for show life; and my little wife there, - why she won't go anywhere now but to your Uncle's. Neither she nor I would have any pleasure in giving routs and dinner parties: we ain't used to them, and would rather be without them altogether. I don't care about learning to spend money. I am well enough off in this world's goods, but I have nothing to waste. There's my little farm: it's worth ten thousand dollars at any time, and there's not a penny against it: and my father and brothers are all fixed off: and I have neither chick nor child to care for after me. But a man has no right to grow old without something laid up for himself and his wife; and what I have got would soon go here in Washington."

Tyler offered him afterwards a Judgeship of the Supreme Court, the Baltimore Convention wanted to run him for President, and actually nominated him for Vice: - he refused them all. The New York Convention insisted on making him Governor: he protested strenuously, but submitted at last to what he styled a sacrifice, and all his friends know now, was one of interest, as well as feeling. He was defeated at the second election by the Conservatives of his own party and the Whigs with their Anti rent Allies. He went home to St. Lawrence County, worked happily on his little fields, - and died.

His friends will never forgive Mr. Polk, and the subordinates he fostered into influence, for the wrongs done to Mr. Wright.

My father had died a few weeks before our Commission adjourned finally.

(Page 58 is missing from the MS.)

My life for some years after my return was a practical blank. I had the means of living without toil; for my mother had left me the greater part of her fortune; and though I resumed my profession, it was with a disinclination to submit myself anew to the struggles of a noviciate. The business which came to me was a little of it important, the mass troublesome and unproductive. I tried my causes faithfully, and with good success: had I been poor, I should have gathered after a while a handsome practice. As it was, the greater part of my time illustrated for me that sort of laborious indolence which people dignify with the name of public spirit. I was the effective Secretary of the Philosophical Society, headed the struggle of the first Board of Trustees to open the Girard College, fought in the Girard Bank against the expansion of its loans, was a little less lazy than my brother directors in the Academy of Fine Arts, ditto in the Musical Fund, and built the Second Presbyterian Church. Of this, Strickland was Architect in title and by contract, but from the consols over the windows to the

gas lamps on the galleries, - the disposition of the ground plan, galleries and pulpit, to the painting of the ceiling, - pews, carpets, organ, and bible, - I devised or ordered everything. During this too, I wasted some hundreds of dollars on a worthless apology for a vault at Laurel Hill, wrote some indifferent lectures for the Athenian Institute, became a ringleader in the buck shot war, and was nearer by much than any Democrat for the last twenty years to being elected Mayor of Philadelphia. Mr. Swift was less than 50 votes ahead of me. (g)

The Buck Shot War! its history has never been written, and never will be. There were many men who played parts in it, leading parts they thought them, - and they remember their several heroisms, each with his own amplifications now: - But the men behind the curtain, that taught the wires how to move, are known to very few, for very few knew them at the time. I have the materials scattered somewhere about the house, that might enable me to fill out my recollections of the story; - but it would take longer than I can afford to hunt them up. It was in general terms after this sort.

The new Constitution of Penna. was submitted to the popular vote at the Election of 1838. - Ritner, who had been the governor for three years before, was the Antimasonic and Whig candidate: Porter was his opponent. It was an angry contest: - the Bank of the United States, just chartered by the State at the cost of some millions in bonuses to buy over counties, and some hundred thousands in direct bribes to members of the Legislature and their friends, went into the canvass with open pockets: - frauds innumerable, the grossest and most shameless, were perpetrated on the polls, - tickets put in by the handful, and tally lists manufactured clumsily to suit them after the boxes were sealed up, - returns in blank, but fully signed, were entrusted to unprincipled leaders, who fitted the numbers afterward according to the exigencies of the results in other districts, - (I have had such returns for the District of Spring Garden in my possession months after the election, blanks, as to the numbers, but with the signatures of all the returning officers, - and these proved on oath to be merely unused triplicates,) - in the Registry of voters made up by partisan judges days after the counting off; - and the names on the window lists, professing to be in the order of voting, copied in alphabetical succession from old tax lists; so that the dead of many years came once more upon the political stage, and voted the Whig ticket in regular progress from A to Z.

But boldly as the game was played, - although even some of the townships in the neighbourhood of public works polled more Whig votes than they contained taxable inhabitants, - the friends of Mr. Ritner had not gone far enough. The results, announced at the polls and in the newspapers, made it plain that they were defeated.



They resolved upon a game still bolder; and Mr. Burrowes, the Chairman of the Whig Central Committee, proclaimed it by a circular to his party. It was "to treat the Election as if it had not taken place."

The mode of carrying out this honest resolve into act had been prepared for by the return judges of the County of Philadelphia. The politicians of this County have always been noted for their singularly unscrupulous character; and at this time the Whigs, as the party momentarily in power, had been reinforced by the worst men from the democratic ranks. A fraud upon the polls in the 3d. Congressional district, simple, unequivocal, and abundantly proved since, had defeated Mr. C. I. Ingersoll; and his friends among the return judges determined to find the remedy by rejecting the fraudulent return from their computation. It was an illegal attempt not merely, but a silly one, for the imagined remedy was insufficient: Mr. Naylor was returned notwithstanding. In professed retaliation for this, which had at least the apology of honest motive, and was in its consequences a mere nullity, a portion of the Return Judges, seceding from the rest, determined to make a separate return of the County Election, and without even a plausible pretext to exclude from it as many election districts of opposing faith as might leave the apparent majority with the Whig candidates. The regular returns having set out for the Seat of Government by the ordinary mail, the spurious were despatched by a special locomotive express, furnished by the Whig Commissioners, and arrived first at the office of the Secretary, the same Mr. Burrowes.

Mr. Shunk was then the Clerk of the House of Representatives; that is to say, he had been the Clerk of the former house, and remained in charge of the Archives. His position at Harrisburg enabled him to detect the purposes of the Executive, and he hastened to make them known.

The immediate effect among my political friends was an alarm that I did not share. It was undefined as to object; but perhaps it was the deeper on that account, for it looked, as popular fears are apt to do, to the deepest purposes of wrong. A number of active democrats, (my brother in law William Leiper among the rest,) determined to be present at the opening of the Session; and in consequence of some vague rumour or other of congregated bullies from the public works, (which the result showed to be well founded,) they carried up with them a couple of dozen of the Spring Garden boys, better known for their pugilistic ability than for their reluctance to display it. I was myself busied among other matters; and disgusted a little at the provocation which Mr. Ingersoll's friends had furnished, I looked upon the whole affair as an ordinary squabble of party zealots.

I was not startled even at the news which reached me from Harrisburg, that the Whigs, or a portion of them, had endeavoured to set aside the county election, and to make up a majority for the



time by excluding the members elect in favour of their non-elected opponents. I knew that there were politicians among them desperate enough for any scheme, but I thought them too cowardly for one so dangerous. The first stories of the attempted organization of the two houses ought to have satisfied me that there was work to do; but I was up to the eyes in the fearfulness of preparing my first lecture before the Institute, - I was to deliver to the following night, - and if I heard what was going on, which I doubt much, I was certainly without apprehension of its import.

On the day for the meeting of the Legislature, when the Secretary of the Comm<sup>th</sup> brought in the Election certificates as usual, he presented for the County of Philadelphia the minority returns, professedly embracing but a part of the Election districts. A County member rose immediately upon the document being read, and submitted a duplicate of the full returns. Both were read.

The House was so divided between the political parties, that the votes of the County delegation determined the majority. Now the majority at the time of organizing the House was to elect the Speaker for the Session, and the Speaker so chosen would appoint the Committees: besides, as the rejected claimants could not according to rule obtain their seats afterwards, however clear their title, except through the dilatory formalities of a contested election, it would evidently be in the power of this accidental and temporary majority, to canvass and proclaim as they saw fit the popular vote on the new Constitution and on the Governor's election, and to choose the State Treasurer and the U. S. Senator before the majority power passed over to their opponents. The question was therefore a vital one.

The Clerk having completed the reading of the certificates, the first business was the election of a Speaker. The democrats were agreed to adjourn the controversy at this time, by setting aside both sets of claimants from the County until after the House should be organized; - as this however would have left them the majority, (49 democrats, if I remember, to 44 Whigs,) the Whigs determined upon the bold experiment of a double organization.

While therefore the tellers, whom the Clerk had named according to usage, were calling the roll of members and noting their votes, another set of tellers, appointed by the Whigs, began a similar process from a roll which included their friends from the County. Two Speakers were of course chosen, each unanimously: the Whigs, more rapid because less careful of forms, led their man to the chair first, Mr. Cunningham; though he was prudent enough to yield a share of the platform to Mr. Hopkins, who was soon after inducted by the Democrats. Both of the soi-disant houses adjourned immediately afterwards to the following morning.

The Senate met for organization in the afternoon. In this body the Whigs had a majority remaining over from the preceding year. The incidents of the morning, and the expectation that they



were to be imitated had filled the lobby with excited spectators, some of them certainly not of the most refined or orderly walks of life. The purpose was announced on the floor, to exclude the Democratic Senators Elect for the County. An angry debate followed. The lobby became noisy, and there were indications of menace. Yet there was I believe nothing, which a reasonable degree of energy would not have controuled or of firmness disregarded; though there was enough to dispossess the leading conspirators of all presence of mind. Mr. Speaker Penrose, Mr. Secretary Burrowes, and Mr. Thaddeus Stevens, the three prime artificers of the plot, saved themselves from imaginary danger by jumping from the window (at the risk of their necks, for it was a ten feet leap,); and scampering some one or two hundred yards "thorough bush thorough briar", found their way over the fence into the road.

In the morning, the Senate re-assembled without molestation, the Democratic County men excluded and the Whigs admitted. The Hopkins House occupied the Chamber of Representatives at nine: at ten Mr. Spackman, who had been deputized to the office by Mr. Speaker Cunningham, made a gallant attempt to attain the chair; but was ejected unceremoniously, and the Cunningham House thereupon took up its quarters in a parlour of Wilson's hotel.

Meanwhile Gov. Ritner had proclaimed that insurrection was raging at the Capitol, and ordered General Patterson's division of Philadelphia Volunteers to march instantly to the rescue. A similar summons had gone to Capt. Sumner of the U. S. dragoons at Carlisle, who very wisely declined the invitation; as did afterwards Mr. President Van Buren, when officially invoked to give military aid under the Insurgent Act. Gen. Patterson immediately issued orders for the assembling of his troops.

I was in my office, closing the revisal of my Shakespeare lecture, when a stranger came in to tell me that he had arrived post haste from the U. S. Arsenal at Frankford, where he had seen a large supply of fixed ammunition, ball and buckshot cartridges, round shot, cannister, and grape, delivered over to an officer of the State. I have never known who my visitor was, nor why he elected me as the depositary of his information; but he seemed entirely content as to his share of duty when he had handed me a full and minute inventory in writing of the warlike supplies which had passed into Gen. Patterson's charge.

The news excited me strongly. I hurried to the Post Office, to confer with Col. Page, and learnt that he was at a military gathering opposite the State House. I followed him, and was just in time to assist in getting a resolution rescinded which pledged the Democratic volunteers not to march: - it would have been an absurd blunder, to let the Whigs alone go up under arms at the public charge.

A public meeting was summoned for the next afternoon in Independence Square, to consider of the emergency. The Whigs



assembled at the same place in the morning, and appointed a Committee of Conference with Mr. Binney at its head, to aid in averting civil war. When our people met, I with great difficulty persuaded them to appoint a similar Committee, and of this I was named the chairman. I began the correspondence, by asserting as the sine qua non of concert that the troops should delay their departure. Sundry letters followed. Mr. Binney was disposed to talk of Law and the Constitution: I thought the case above both. We would not interfere: the troops marched in the night: and some two hours before daylight, I declared the negotiation at an end.

I reported at the Democratic Head Quarters in the morning. Committees of Safety were appointed; military drills organized, and I was sent to Harrisburg as the representative of the party here. I closed my Hamlet lecture at 9 that night, and at 12 I was in the cars.

Arrived at Harrisburg, I found everything in a state of siege. The troops filled the town, sentinels were posted round the Hill and even at the gates of the Capitol, and the drum was everywhere. I hurried up to the House. Our people were in the act of capitulation. A paper agreement of compromise had already received many signatures, and was to be submitted in the course of the day to the approval of the Cunningham house. "You are too late, too late," was all that poor Shunk could say to me: (he had not slept for several nights, and was in a state approaching to nervous collapse:) "that cursed paper!" The paper was in Col. Snowden's hands, and he had signed it. Shunk introduced me to him. I took the indignant tone: the Democracy was ready: I was there to pledge it to anything and everything, but submission. I played my part so well, that I got the paper, and in two minutes, nothing remained of it but the ashes. I was carried round among the members: I magnified their praises, proclaimed the never ending gratitude that awaited them, and found some bold and many timorous coadjutors. Before twelve o'clock I had been in conclave with the Central Committee of Safety, for the most part a paltry body; - a speech or two there, - a huzza, - and the game was upon the wind!

Porter, the Governor Elect, was sent for: he was already on his way from Huntingdon; and very soon after he arrived, he was fully prepared for whatever might be the issue, - a brave man, a little unscrupulous, but well fitted for a game of responsibility and hazard. Col. Irvine (Wm. N.) was at Harrisburg before me, an old soldier, quiet and fearless. He, and Wm. McElwee, of the House, also a soldier, but too fond of drink, - Louis S. Coryell, of Bucks, a bletherskyte, but such a thing as was wanted to make up the roll of the party, - Hopkins, the Speaker, a good man when well guided, but requiring the spur sometimes, - my brother in law William Leiper, a good common sense adviser, and a marvelous good man for action among the masses, - these, or some of them, at different times, but Frank Shunk always, firm, honest, confiding and capable of daring upon occasion, - these, with Henniken,



Brodhead, Snowden and others, Gyas, Telamon, and Cloanthus, made up the head and front, - aye, and the body and breeches of the insurrectionary movement. My room at Wilson's was the intimate Head Quarters, and my yellow leather paper case, now worn out upstairs, the portefeuille of the insurrectionary Cabinet.

I am making a long story of it. - The rival houses continued their sessions. The town was filling more and more with strangers, generally Democrats. McElwee and Leiper had intrigued with the troops, and reported that four fifths were on our side. Governor Ritner had got scared, and refused to admit a soldier into his house. The town had ceased to be noisy: Wilson complained, that though his bar room had never been so full, people never drank so little. Intercourse in the streets was brief and formal: men stood in knots, and talked low, and parted without the ceremonies of good-bye. A storm was evidently brewing.

Yet the Whigs of the Senate kept firm: not, I think, that they hoped for success any longer, but the better men among them, who had protested at first against the course of the allies, were ashamed now to back out of their position. They were discussing the question of which house was the true one. Should they determine to recognize the Cunningham House, the Governor was pledged to do the same, and Col. Childs with his battalion of Washington Greys had engaged to give to the recognized House the exclusive possession of the Representative Chamber.

On our side, we prepared ourselves seriously for revolutionary action. I drew the protest of the Hopkins House, the formal appeal to the people of the State, the ordinance summoning a Convention to reconstitute Government in Pennsylvania, which proclaimed in its preamble that Government under the Constitution had been suspended by the act of the Governor and Senate; - we opened correspondence with the counties, accepted proffers of volunteers, and drew closer the bonds of our fraternization with General Patterson's army.

The morning came, on which by caucus prearrangement the Senate was to recognize the Cunningham House. The discussion began upon the report of a Committee, which had elaborated the manifesto for such a step. The chairman, my friend Fred'k Fraley, a Senator from this city, had moved the recognition. Childs was waiting his orders. We had filled the gallery and lobbies with some two hundred deputies of the Sergeant at Arms, a body well chosen of ancient freeholders, more fitted to "command with years" than with the weapons of forceful controversy. The Sergeant himself, and the Speaker too, had undergone a rehearsal in the Committee-room; and the members had their parts: they were to yield the hall to the advancing Military, and the crisis and its results were then to be solemnly proclaimed in the adjoining Rotunda. - At the last moment, our arrangements all completed, I ran down to Gov. Porter's lodgings, and received anew his pledge to abide by and adopt our action.



But the Cunningham House had begun to waver: - several of its members had no sympathies with fraud, - others were apprehensive, and not without some reason, that it was dangerous to go on. The Senate debate closed without its purposed consummation. The Democratic House, having first signed a unanimous pledge of mutual adherence, affixed the preamble I had drafted for the Reconstituting Ordinance to a resolution directing the preparation of a bill for reconstructing the government of the State by the popular intervention, and by a vote of ayes and noes, all on one side, adopted it.

The Whigs caved in. The Senate never quite reached the vote of recognition: - the members of the Cunningham house, such of them as had really been elected, presented themselves at the bar of the Hopkins house, and were sworn in: - and then, as our only share in the act of compromise, Mr. Hopkins resigned the Chair, and was again elected. The Buckshot War was ended.

There were episodes, of course, amusing ones, and anxious ones. Mr. Buchanan was brave throughout till the crisis came, and wrote us many encouraging epistles from Washington: - he did not flinch until there was no backing out with honour, and then I saved his credit by burning his letter of expostulation. - Mr. Ingham was sick, and could not get to Harrisburg; but he was a manly ally, wrote for us, counselled with us, and stood by us to the end: - my cordiality with him, illustrated by many reciprocations of kindness, dates from the Buckshot War. - My wife (God bless her!) kept me always cheered by her manly tone: - at the trying moment, when things were really dark, and those who could doubt had a right to do so, she sent me a letter which I read three times over to our caucus: "They tell me that our house is threatened, that you are upturning Society, and are not far from treason: I thank God, I have a husband and a brother, whose patriotism does not startle at words." --

So much for the Buckshot War; - and a mighty egotistical narrative I have made of it!

10 May, 1848.

The only consequence of the Buckshot War to myself was an acquaintance more or less familiar with a considerable number of our Democratic politicians, and a certain quantity of mouth honour at Washington, where I was pointed at as the leader of the triumph. It was a triumph, and as such was worth the paper I have devoted to it; for it determined, as to Pennsylvania at least, that the spirit of our Government is above its forms, and that the pettifogging tricks of a Justice's Court are inapplicable in practice to questions of Constitutional or rather essential Right.

My acquaintance with Gov. Porter, also acquired at this time, enabled me to mediate between him and Mr. Van Buren, when the two Administrations were approaching collision. The mediation was,



however, unproductive of much good at the time, and I have sometimes regretted since that I did not let the party determine at the moment the question of principle which divided the two magistrates. The truth, very reluctantly forced upon me, was adverse to the political, if not to the personal integrity of Governor Porter. He had a strange set of friends, and did things that gave countenance to strange rumours.

When Mr. Van Buren's term was about to expire, I was one of those who sought anxiously to renominate him. Not that he had done me great kindness; for he had known me when I was a child, and he seemed to forget that I (had) grown older; and in return, I deferred to him overmuch for the same reason. Nor that I thought him popular: he was not so. His manners, much more artificial than since, borrowed somewhat from the higher life that he had seen in England, and not quite naturalized during his presidency, compared to disadvantage with the easy, noble, republican bearing of General Jackson. It was said, too, that he was calculating and cold, and he certainly seemed so to me: - Still Silas Wright loved him, and that of itself went far to contradict the general impression that he wanted heart. He was never the shrewd politician that he was called in the newspapers. Almost from the beginning of his career he was made the representative of his party in New York, and accepted as of course its highest honours without the necessity of seeking them. No doubt others devised many of the schemes for which he had credit, and some too of which he bore the blame; but if he accepted the praise, he never shrank from the censure: - It would be a nice question in bookkeeping, whether on the whole he gained or lost by fathering the notions of his party friends. His cardinal virtue was his command of temper: he was never betrayed into an expression of anger, rarely into a confession of disappointment.<sup>(h)</sup> He would have died as a statesman after he had accepted the mission to England, if Mr. Calhoun had not hated him too much: - that casting vote of rejection made Mr. Van Buren a martyr, which next to General is about the best title for popularity.

We succeeded in nominating him at Baltimore; but it was impossible to elect him. The whole country was in a state of financial collapse. The currency had just restored itself, and the process of paying off debts was going on, debts contracted in paper, to be liquidated in coin. Manufactures were suspended, agricultural products were abundant but without a market, there was too little money to speculate with, and what there was kept itself back for the still greater depression of prices that everybody was expecting. I came down from Erie diagonally through the State with Gov. Porter, and stumped it wherever there were houses enough to make up a gathering. Porter was popular in that region, from Harrisburg North West, and he seemed anxious to signalize his cordiality with the President by helping me to electioneer for him. Everywhere I



was received kindly, listened to, and praised; but it was altogether too obvious that the people felt "they couldn't be worseted", and the Whigs were promising everything to everybody as the direct consequence of a change: - Besides, they had nominated a General who had at one time had some Pennsylvania Volunteers under his command, and these had for thirty years been bragging all over the West of the unrecorded glories of their joint achievements. So, General Harrison came in, and Mr. Van Buren went out.

I could go on through the story of the next four years of politics, the blundering of Bankrupt Law, the silly tariff of '42, the attempted resurrection of the U. S. Bank, and discomfiture of the Whigs "before the month was old": - but I had nothing to do with all of these things, and it is pleasanter to come back to myself.

By the way, this writing one's history, like the conversation of lovers, and for the same reason too, is a right agreeable exercise when one gets fairly into it. It is egotism with its nicest flavours, self in kaleidoscope varieties, and all beautiful of course. Our own hopes, and deeds, and criticisms, - all the narrative our own, and the listeners of our own choosing, - from Dan to Beersheba, the travel is through a garden of flowers.

The autobiographer has a great advantage over all other historians. He is sure to be in the centre of his subject, and must of course have the right point of view. Things and men are just as he believes them; and they revolve round him in sunshine or in shadow, reflecting his light, or enhancing it by contrast. He is the artificer of his own world, and may be expected to make it pleasant to himself.

Besides; if he writes, as I do, for his family circle, and not for a printer, he runs no risk of being contradicted. His children will not repudiate the praises of their father. We are, most of us, willing to lie for an ancestor: - how much easier to believe him! -

11 May, 1848.

It is a long time since I have found myself at my office table, with these sheets before me, and both leisure and disposition to add to them. The world has been busy in the meanwhile, and I have helped to bury friends, almost to forget them. "It follows hard upon." -

For the first three years of the Harrison-Tyler administration, I have no personal record. I vegetated in the limited practice of my profession, figured sometimes as a member of some civic committee or other, perhaps scrapped a little for poor Joe Neal of the Pennsylvanian, but if I did so, it is not worth while to remember it, perhaps read a little Latin and a little Law. I believe too it was about this time that we celebrated the hundredth anniversary of the Philosophical Society: I was the Reporter at the time, and prepared



the Bulletin record of the proceedings. It was a volume of itself, full of varied science. I abstracted the whole of it from the original communications in a spirit half akin to bravado, that I might show some of our petty scientifics how easy it was to equal their pretensions by counterfeiting their slang. The book was praised when it came out, and Professor Silliman recognized in it "the characteristic precision of its author Professor Bache": - it was mere vanity in the real editor to omit his name from the volume altogether.

The nomination of Mr. Tyler's successor became very soon an engrossing topic. From the moment of Mr. Van Buren's defeat, the "Old Guard," as it called itself, of the Democratic party, including all who vacated office with him, and some others, had proclaimed that he must be the candidate again. The newspapers, following the lead of the Globe, which had been the Organ at Washington, by degrees took the same tone. The smaller party men, always noisy for whatever seems certain to succeed, were convinced, and began to re-echo the nomination emulously. Beside all this, which might be looked upon as illustrating the machinery process of President making, there was no doubt a sentiment among many honest men that Mr. Van Buren had been overcome by a fraud on the popular credulity, and that there would be something of poetical if not political justice in punishing the authors of the fraud by restoring him to office. The result was at any rate, that when the Convention got together at Baltimore, a large majority of its members were either pledged or instructed to give him their votes.

I confess, that while I wished to see him renominated, I had my fears from the first that his election was hardly practicable. Yet, even after his Anti Texas letter, which came out the week before the Convention, and which seemed to me to make his defeat before the people morally certain, I did what I could to confirm others in his support. I hoped, without any assignable cause for the hope, yet I did hope he would decline the nomination when it should be tendered to him. But the opportunity never occurred. The friends of other candidates, Gov. Cass and Mr. Buchanan's particularly, with Mr. Walker of Miss., who felt success to be impossible unless with a new man, - these and a certain portion of the instructed friends of Mr. Van Buren, united in passing the two-thirds rule; thus making his nomination impossible, and proving clearly that a majority was willing to make it so.

The result was, (as Mr. Wright would not permit the use of his name, and the real friends of Mr. Van Buren, making more than one third of the body, were unwilling to vote for either of his leading rivals,) - the nomination of Mr. Polk.

I had known him, when I was in the French Commission, as a protege of Gen. Jackson, - a modest, hard-working little man, who had made an accurate and efficient chairman of the Ways and Means, and had gained credit by his integrity and promptness as Speaker of the House. He had afterwards been the Governor of Tennessee



after a severe canvass, and had borne him so as to retain Gen. Jackson's confidence and regard. We had interchanged courtesies occasionally at Washington, meeting now and then at the President's fireside, and he had sent me from Tennessee copies of his different speeches and messages. On the whole, - I thought he would make a good President, for the office is not one that exacts brilliancy, - and a good candidate, for he was not very extensively known and could not be as readily assailed as a more prominent man.

I wrote him a letter of congratulation; and this led to an important incident of the canvass which elected him, "the Kane letter".

Mr. Clay had been in the field for some time as the candidate of the Whigs, and had written letters on every subject, defining his position. These were not always reconcilable with each other without the application of some partisan ingenuity, nor perhaps always with it. The consequence was that his friends at the North were embarrassed by his correspondence with their Southern allies, while the Southern gentlemen complained of his letters to New England. In my letter of congratulation to Mr. Polk, I prayed him to avoid Mr. Clay's blunder, and to write no letters for the newspapers. He answered me at once, and adverting to the frequency and clearness with which his sentiments had been expressed on the leading questions of the day, assured me that he would follow my advice implicitly.

Some weeks after this, I received a letter from him, in which he spoke of having received numerous inquiries as to his tariff policy, some from opponents, others from avowed friends, others again from strangers of whose character he was ignorant. He alluded to his former letter as pledging him to make no reply, but added that he had written a summary of his opinions on the question of protection, in the form of a letter to me which he enclosed. He asked me to decide whether this ought to form the solitary exception to the course I had advised him to, or not; naming Mr. Dallas and Mr. Henry Horn as friends of his, with whom I might confer.

The letter was perfectly unequivocal to my mind, and could scarcely by chance mislead anyone. But it very ingeniously covered an argument in the terms which declared an opinion. He was in favour, he said, of protecting all the great interests of the Country by all constitutional legislation, and among these he mentioned manufactures with Agriculture and Commerce. For the rest, he reminded me of certain of his votes in Congress against projects which aimed to advance one interest at the expense of the rest. The letter was short and well written; but all three of us decided that it should not be printed. A few weeks afterwards, Mr. Dallas told me that Mr. Muhlenberg, then our candidate for Governor, had urged him to procure just such a letter from Mr. Polk, and that he said our friends in the Counties could not carry round on their electioneering tours the different volumes of debates, reports, and journals, through which Mr. Polk's opinions were to be traced.



On this intimation I published the letter which had remained in my drawer, at the very moment when another letter was on its way to me from Tennessee, thanking for having held back the first from the printers. The published letter had an immediately universal circulation. It became indeed the leading document of the canvass, was assailed and vindicated everywhere, and undoubtedly it made its author the President of the United States. To this day, some of the defeated party when they are at a loss for a topic gratify themselves by abusing "the Kane letter".

Mr. Polk was elected President, and Mr. Dallas Vice at the same time. Mr. Shunk, our candidate for Governor, had been successful a few weeks before. During the canvass I had taken a very active part, writing sundry pamphlets, reports, and addresses, - conducting an immense correspondence, - making speeches everywhere, - in fact, acting as the centre of our party organization in Pennsylvania. The contest was a close one, and thoroughly conducted on both sides. For a considerable portion of it the chances were even; and, as I remember telling one of my Whig friends, the only question was, which side should make the first miss-move. Our opponents made it not a great many days before the election, in sending out representative orators through the State at the cost of the party treasury, and in allowing the fact to be known. We took advantage of it on the instant, sent advertisements everywhere ahead of the emissaries, offering rewards to all who should detect briberies and subornations, and proclaiming in German and English the perilous adventure on which certain of our City lawyers had gone forth. The result was, most of them returned without doing anything, those who attempted to speak did more harm than good, and every county press chronicled their arrivals and their luck. A misdirected letter of Mr. W. B. Reed, announcing a credit of \$200. here for the Whig Committee of Lehigh, and concluding with the emphatic injunction, "Lehigh must do better," got into the Allentown paper a little while after, and served to prove conclusively all that was before suspected and denied. I have amused myself with Mr. Reed since, in talking over the manner in which I turned this letter to account. It served the Pennsylvanian, of which I was the virtual Editor, with a daily heading, and I never allowed a day to go by without devoting to it from a column to a squib.

The election was over about two months, when I received a letter from Gov. Shunk, inviting me to be his attorney general. It was short, but very kindly; for it wound up by inviting me to meet him at Harrisburg and to confer with him there upon the selection of the rest of his cabinet. I have already, I believe, referred to my ancient acquaintance with Mr. Shunk: I had besides acted as his personal counsel, when he was sued on Gov. Findlay's official bond; - but though our personal relations were always friendly, I had preferred Mr. Muhlenberg as our party candidate, and made no secret of my preference. No doubt, therefore, my appointment



was intended as a compliment to the Muhlenberg section, though by some of the more acrid members of it, Mr. John M. Read would have been accepted more willingly. The history of the next three years enabled the Governor to decide which of the two nominees was best deserving of his confidence.

At the time of accepting the Attorney Generalship, I was aware that I had been named to Mr. Polk to fill a place in the Cabinet at Washington. Mr. Dallas had done this upon an invitation from Mr. Polk himself to name a Secretary from Pennsylvania, and General Jackson had done the same. I do not know whether at that time I should have declined a place near the President, had one been offered me; but the offer never came. Many a time have I rejoiced since, and never more sincerely than at the present moment, that my political lot was cast in the humbler station. Under Gov. Shunk, I was enabled to do good to the State and the Party, and to share in the truly honorable fame of his administration: - I had his confidence, absolute and unlimited, - perhaps no adviser ever occupied a closer or more thoroughly agreeable position near his chief. Had I gone to Washington, my connexions with Philadelphia and my profession severed, my conduct assailed as it would have been of course, my success in an administrative department uncertain, - I should have been now preparing to pack my trunks for removal homewards, impoverished by the thankless expenditures of four years' miserable splendour, the member of a defeated administration.

Yet, it has been effective, and will have left its mark on history. The adjustment of the tariff on a revenue basis, the organization of the Independent Treasury, the brilliant campaigns in Mexico: - these are great incidents, to be crowded into four years. But the two first of these, with their subsidiaries, the Warehousing system, the Loan office, &c., belong to Robert J. Walker, and might have been originated and carried out just as well under any other presidency as Mr. Polk's. No other member of the Cabinet aided him by suggestions or even by sympathy; and one at least, Mr. Buchanan, was a notorious trimmer on the question of Free Trade. Mr. Marcy lost no reputation as Secretary of War: he had the good sense to keep Gen. Jessup at the head of the Quartermaster's department; and if he undertook to interfere too much, as Cabinet ministers are apt to do, in the operations of the field, his generals had wit enough to disregard his orders and succeed in spite of them. He made a sore mistake in superseding General Scott, and gained nothing politically by arresting Gen. Taylor's advance, as the Presidential Election has proved. Per contra, he wrote good letters, and helped Gen. Scott to make himself ridiculous: - small items of praise. Of the other members of the Cabinet there is very little to be said. Mr. Buchanan demonstrated very skilfully our title to the northern part of Oregon, and surrendered it afterwards: he sent Mr. Trist to Mexico on an embassy of blunders, and recalled him just as there was a chance of his being useful: he disavowed and spurned



the treaty when Trist had made it, but did his best to get it ratified notwithstanding: - besides this, he tried hard to get himself nominated for the Presidency, and thoroughly disorganized the Democracy of Pennsylvania. - Mr. Bancroft was a ludicrous Secretary of the Navy, a man of books and impulse, projecting many reforms, some of them impracticable, others absurd, none perfected, aiming at universal popularity and offending everybody. - Mason, who had preceded him in Tyler's time, and was the first attorney general under Mr. Polk, came back to the Navy Department when Bancroft went to England, - a man of respectable talents, a gentleman in manners and feeling, originating very little and guardedly, but with happy administrative faculties. The expansion of the Steam Navy may perhaps be the feature of his administration: it may be claimed however by the Post Office also; more justly still by circumstances, which forced us to imitate somewhat tardily the examples of Europe. - Cave Johnson is an honest man, strictly narrowly honest; he was opposed to cheap postages in toto, and cyphered out the question to his own satisfaction by the Rule of Three. - Of those who followed Mr. Mason as Attorney General, Mr. Clifford, and Mr. Toucey, (I think his name is,) I have not heard. -

We organized our little Cabinet at Harrisburg by appointing Jesse Miller as Secretary of the Commonwealth, and completed it afterwards as the time came round with John Laporte for the Land Office, and John N. Purviance for Auditor General. It was a perfectly harmonious circle, the members of which never interfered with each other's province, while they cooperated without reserve on topics of general policy. At first, I was the draughtsman of every important message of the Governor; that is to say, I took his thoughts, sometimes varying their dress, and put them together in my own form. This was the history of the Inaugural Address, of the earlier Annual Messages one, two, or more, and of sundry vetoes.

Governor Shunk's Administration redeemed the State. It built up the system of taxation, resumed the payment of interest on the public debt, nipped in the bud a thousand contrivances for renewed expenditures, prevented the sale of our public works to a mammoth corporation, secured the construction of the Central railroad, checked the banks in wild career, and introduced into their charters the provision for holding stockholders individually liable, refused special immunities to aggregated capital in all its forms and disguises and professions, and reformed the administration of penal justice. In all this the Governor was an active and determined leader, or cheered on by his hearty countenance whatever was begun by those who were about him. He was nobly and fearlessly honest, without a particle of bravado, and altogether unpretending. Even after I left his cabinet, he would send for me to Harrisburg to help in concocting an executive document of more importance than usual, and would send my manuscript or his own with my interlineations to the copying clerk.



I remember one occasion that proved his nerve in keeping the Legislature to its duty. I was in his room on the last day of the Session, when the farewell committee waited on him to announce the approaching adjournment. The tax bills had not been passed, and the members of the Committee said that it was not probable they would be, as there was a difference of opinion between the two houses, and the quorum in both was hardly full enough to keep them formally together. Gentlemen, said the Governor, I have a communication to make to the General Assembly, which I shall transmit in writing. I fear it will be too late, answered Judge Champneys, the Chairman, for the House is at this moment in the act of adjourning. The Governor returned back to his inner apartment, while I bowed the Committee down stairs. I rejoined him in an instant, and was just beginning to advise the call of a special session when he handed me the precedent of a proclamation for one, which he had been searching for in the printed journals. Snatching pen and paper, he said to me, "Dictate: I can write faster than you; condense as much as you can." In less than a long minute, I was dashing across to the Representative Chamber, as Secretary pro tem., with a proclamation in duplicate, two lines in length. I found Mr. Miller at the side of the door keeper: it is too late, he said, the vote on adjournment has been taken, and the Speaker is making the closing speech. Not waiting to answer him, I turned to the door keeper: "Announce the Secretary of the Commonwealth." The Secretary of the Commonwealth! bellowed the door keeper instinctively. The Speaker stopped in the midst of his pathos, and Miller read out his Summons for a Special Session of the General Assembly, to commence on the following day. Some laughed, others were angry, and one excited little group went up to scold the Governor. He answered them with all courtesy, that he was sorry to keep them from their families, but that the Legislature must remain till it got through the business of the State. The bills were passed the next morning.

The administration that preceded us had left a bad name behind it, not altogether without having earned it by the conduct of some of its members. Mr. Johnson, the attorney general, particularly was accused of gross venality. It was said that he trafficked largely in Nolle prosequis and pardons, and that he had done so was very apparent to me soon after I entered upon the office. He was besides a pecuniary defaulter to the State to the extent of some thousands, the greater part of which remains unpaid at this time.

I was fortunate in the selection of my deputies, particularly those for Philadelphia, Mr. Kelley and Mr. Wharton. We set out with the fixed resolve, that no nolle prosequis should be entered in any but the clearest cases, without previous formal conference, and that a full record should be kept of the proceedings which led to them. We determined too, to refuse at least for the first year or two all special compensation for conducting prosecutions. It had



been the practice from time immemorial for the prosecuting officers to receive fees from citizens who were more directly interested in the prosecutions, and I did not think it essentially wrong. But it had been grossly abused in Mr. Johnson's time; and it was necessary to satisfy the public mind by some distinct proof that the tone of the office had undergone a change. We visited the prisons, enforced the collection of forfeited recognizances, broke up the whole system of straw bail, punished constables for oppression, and convicted Aldermen of extortion. With the Judges and the Bar, we took high ground. The Courts had been in the habit of dealing out to the Attorney General, while representing the Comm<sup>th</sup>, the same summary and controlling rules and orders, which were proper enough for the government of the general bar. I remember Judge Kennedy, of the Supreme Court, undertaking once to invite an argument from me, on the question of my right to continue a criminal case over the term. "Well, Mr. Attorney General, what ground do you lay for the continuance?" - "None, Sir: I have continued the cause." I made my young deputies everywhere assume the same tone, asserting precedence in professional rank, and the exclusive control of everything that affected the public. Additional counsel when retained by the parties were admitted to assist us; but the magister litis was the Atty. Genl. or his representative, and he made the closing speech. I believe I may say with truth, that in a twelvemonth the Bar and the Community recognized the entire purity and efficiency of the new officers, and were disposed to load us with proofs of their confidence.

In the matter of pardons too there was a wonderful reform. In almost every case, certainly in all that were not of the most simple character, the petitions for pardon were referred to the Attorney General. A report more or less formal followed; and the preamble of the pardon, when granted, recited the character and often the names of those who had recommended it, the Attorney General's report, and the grounds on which it rested.

We had been at work upon our reforms for some nine months, when an incident proved the value of our formal and cautious mode of dealing with these matters of official discretion. A scoundrel politician of Southwark, adopting the tone which was common in Mr. Johnson's time, accused Mr. Kelley in a public harangue of having sold two nolle prosequis. Happily he had read or pretended to read the particulars from a written paper, and his slander was thus dignified into libel. Before eleven o'clock of the following morning I had him arrested and before the Mayor. His counsel mystified the nature of the defence, leaving the inference possible that he expected to give the truth in evidence. This gave me the opportunity of proffering the records of the office to public inspection, and of throwing out the broad challenge, that if the prisoner or his counsel or his friends could make out a single case of official dishonour of whatever sort against any of the gentlemen in charge



of the prosecutions, the prisoner should go free as a public benefactor. I renewed the same proffer and challenge before the Grand Jury, most of whom were our political opponents, inviting them to call for the record history of every case which might have been the subject of slanderous whispers: And I repeated the same thing when the Defendant was on his trial. At last, the evidence for the prosecution having been gone through, the true history of the two cases made out most fully and honourably, Mr. Kelley placed upon the stand and the counsel for the defence invited to examine him upon anything and everything, the Defendant offered to submit, retract, and make any acknowledgment I should require. I required nothing, except a public declaration in open court from each of his counsel, that the slander was utterly without support, a formal entry by the Defendant on the record to the same effect, and payment of the costs, amounting to a little less than \$300. This complied with, I dismissed the prosecution, and the Defendant went home after receiving a lecture from the Judge on the enormity of his offence, and the mercy of the Atty. General. This case availed us largely with the public.

I remained in Gov. Shunk's official family about eighteen months. Very pleasant months they are to look back upon, for they were full of responsibility and their objects were all attained. I used to go very frequently to Harrisburg. Prince would give me his best room, and the Cabinet gathering would be there in the evening, over a dish of oysters and a temperate noggin of Whiskey punch. Miller was a high-toned man, who only wanted early education to make him as the world goes a great one. He had pride rather than absolute decision of purpose. His political principles were as ultra as my own, and he was over frank and harsh in asserting them when they were likely to be opposed. He hated corruption with a personal hate, and spoke of corrupt men always as if they had offered him insult individually. He despised all littleness. And yet, when the argument was over and the time to act had come, he would begin to hesitate, and sometimes would almost compromise for the moment the assertion of his most cherished principles or deepest feelings. He was blamed for all the more stern of Governor Shunk's vetoes, and assailed specially whenever a blow was struck against any formidable interest. He was foremost always in vindicating these or in asserting their necessity before hand; but in truth, he was often the last man in the Cabinet Council to reiterate doubts when things approached their consummation. He was gallant, however, and carried willingly whatever responsibilities circumstances could devolve on him. - Laporte was the man more after my own heart, as honest as the sun, and as fearless. We always jumped together, and came down in the same place. - Purviance was an excellent Auditor, but ineffective in Council.



In June or July of 1846, Judge Randall died, and I received the commission which I hold now. Before taking my seat on the bench, I went up to Harrisburg to close my official business. I was of course consulted as to my successor. The two prominent names were Judge Champneys and Mr. John M. Read, and of the two I strenuously urged the former. I went so far even as to protest against the wrong which would be done to the Administration and its real friends by introducing Mr. Read into the Cabinet. I admitted cheerfully his professional ability, and his indefatigable character in every relation: - but I was convinced, that he was at heart unfriendly to the Governor and Secretary, that he was closely locked in confidence with their bitterest opponents, that he was unforgiving as well as unyielding, and I prophesied, that as soon as he should find his associates unwilling to follow his new lead, he would desert back and betray the Administration. I felt in reiterating these views, as I did by letter after my return, that I might be supposed to be under the influence of personal feeling, inasmuch as Mr. Read and myself had often crossed paths: but I was not content that any scruple of delicacy should deter me from performing what I regarded as my closing duty to the Administration. My argument and protest notwithstanding, Mr. Read received the appointment. I could not then know the secret history of the action which thwarted me, but I learnt it very soon.

Mr. Read waited on me as my successor a few hours after I had heard that he was so. He was very courteous, and asked among other things for a list of my deputies, saying that he might want to appoint here and there some personal friend, but that he would be indisposed to make changes where I was satisfied with the incumbents. Invited in this manner to unreserved frankness, I handed him my list, and passing over it name by name, gave the character of each deputy, and his personal or political connexions. He thanked me lavishly for the information I gave him, - and within the next ten days removed from office nearly every man whom I had specially commended. The few that escaped owed their safety to the refusal of the new appointees to supersede them.

The party was confounded throughout the State. The Attorney General had stricken down a body of the most influential and powerful supporters of the Governor, scattered through the different counties, and this at a time when the canvass for the renomination was just beginning. Kelley and Wharton in Philadelphia, Hobart in Montgomery, Hickman in Chester, Frazer in Delaware, Mathiot in Lancaster, Blackman in Luzerne, Jones in Northampton, Buckalew in Columbia, Kurtz in York, Bonham in Cumberland, - these were only specimens of the superseded deputies. I had made friends, too, who wondered that the Governor should have allowed me to be visited by so early and so signal a mark of his disfavour, as was implied in this indiscriminate removal of my selected associates.



I knew better: I saw that the Governor had been cheated, and that to reproach him was to do him wrong. I continued to correspond with him therefore cordially as a friend, and as a member of the same political party, but I never named Mr. Read, while he continued in office.

He staid there, however, but a very little while. To do him justice, he never affected interest in the concerns of the Administration. He played an independent game, the only one he has ever played, in which the winnings were to be altogether his own. A difficult game certainly, when, as in Mr. Read's case, the player has to profess a partnership on both sides of the board!

His situation became every day more and more embarrassing. He felt that he was suspected by the Governor's friends; and yet, the men with whom he was connected by his treacherous league were exacting continually new proofs of his exclusive devotion to them; and these could not be given without making his treachery flagrant. He bolted at last. At a moment when he was fully assured that the Governor was in the cars for Ohio, to be absent from the seat of government for a month, he sent in a one line resignation, and threw himself openly into the ranks of the opposing faction. Within the same twenty-four hours, an anonymous pamphlet, bearing undeniable marks of his style, was published under the auspices of an individual who had been his student and was then his office clerk, which assailed the Governor as altogether unfit for renomination.

The merest accident had delayed the Governor's departure from Harrisburg; and thus the resignation was accepted at once. Judge Champneys was appointed Attorney General on the instant, and he proceeded to reinstate without unnecessary ceremony all those of my old deputies who were willing to come back. Mr. Read and his retainers were from this time the open enemies of the Administration, but as open enemies they were less dangerous. We renominated Mr. Shunk by acclamation.

I then became aware for the first time of the influence which had made Mr. Read my successor. It was Mr. Buchanan, who announced at Harrisburg my intended elevation to the Bench, and asked in the same letter Mr. Read's appointment. Mr. Buchanan was desirous then as ever of a seat on the bench of the Supreme Court of the U.S., and he was not ignorant that both Mr. R. and myself had similar aspirations. To make me District Judge was to dispose of me, and the new Attorney General could not well be a candidate against his benefactor. The theory may be an uncharitable one, but it reconciles the facts. Six weeks or less after my appointment, the President himself told me that Mr. Buchanan was to be my associate in the Circuit Court: and it is certain, that complaining, as was his habit, to Mr. Miller and the Governor that he was allowed no influence in the State appointments, his importunity first won over Mr. Miller, and at last induced the Governor to yield.



I took my seat on the bench, I think about the end of July. I was welcomed by the Bar very courteously. I had not expected a ceremony. I went to the Clerk's office half an hour before to look over some of the rules of Court, and had not got through when the clock struck. Hurrying into the Court-room, I was surprized to find it filled, and by all the best members of the bar. Judge King swore me in, and I simply announced the order of business for the rest of the term. At this moment the whole Bar rose, and Mr. William Rawle addressed me on their behalf, referring most kindly to my services as Attorney General, and expressing their united judgment of my qualifications for the post to which I had been raised. It was very gratifying, as well as very embarrassing, and I know I must have floundered sadly in my reply of acknowledgments.

31 Dec. 1848.

Governor Shunk was inaugurated for his second term in January, 1848. From the period of Mr. Read's withdrawal, I had resumed my position as an emeritus member of the Cabinet, and went of course to Harrisburg to assist in the arrangements. The Governor was sick: he had been confined to his room for some weeks; but he refused to ride in a carriage but insisted upon walking to the Capitol, as had been his custom, and read his address in the Representative chamber with a full strong voice. I dined with him that day in company with all the dignitaries: he placed me at his right hand, and seemed to take pains to show regard for me.

I did not see him afterwards till the first week in April. He was not well during this interval, and I was constantly urging him by my letters to take refuge from the bores and business of his office by a stolen visit to my house. But the business of my Court pressed me so heavily that I could not leave town; and indeed, the correspondence which I kept up with him and with Mr. Laporte and Mr. Miller led me to suppose he only wanted a few weeks' rest. He had a strong square built frame apparently, and was so regular in his habits and cheerful in his tone that I could not think him a subject of chronic disease.

The Legislature was about adjourning when I visited him. He was then confined to his chamber; but his papers were before him, and he had the pen in his hand when I came in. We talked over the public business, and particularly one or two bills which he had been considering with reference to the veto. For the first time in his life, I found him impatient of discussion. There was a nervous excitability about his whole manner, friendly as it was, which made me uncomfortable. I spoke of it to Mr. Miller, and learnt that the friends who saw him every day had noticed his increasing disinclination to surrender or modify any opinion he chanced to express. But his mind was as sound as ever, and the reasons which he gave, more concisely than usual, were those of a man who had been



thinking carefully. I left him, after spending a second hour with him, in a renewed assurance that when he got rid of the Legislature, he would take a journey that would restore him entirely.

I became more uneasy from the rumours that reached me in May and June, and I began to urge him strenuously to come to Philadelphia, or at any rate to quit Harrisburg. At last about the end of June, I received a confidential letter from Mr. Miller of the most painful character. It expressed the fears of the gentlemen who were in the Cabinet, that our excellent friend was gradually sinking, that haemorrhage of the lungs had come to complicate his other symptoms, and that Dr. Jackson who had been called in consultation had declared his recovery impossible. He added that a grave responsibility was apparently devolved by this state of facts on the Governor's advisers, and that the special confidence and affection, with which he always regarded me, made it right that I should come up to take part in their counsels.

On my arrival, I was told that the Governor had enquired of Mr. Petriken, the deputy Secretary, on what day the ninety days before the general election would expire, - and on being told, he had said: "if I last till after that day, the Speaker of the Senate will be governor for eighteen months." From this and other circumstances it was inferred that his mind had been revolving the question of a resignation, so as to bring on the gubernatorial election to fill his place in October 1848, instead of 1849. I saw him: he was in his bed, and spoke feebly; but the conversation went on for an hour, without appearing to fatigue him, and the topics which he chose himself showed that his own death and the condition of the State were fully before him. A part of his family remained in the chamber during our interview, and when I rose to come away, he intimated a wish that I should see him in the morning. I remained in town, and spent another hour with him, but still not alone: the conversation had the same range, but the subject of vacating his office was not introduced. The doctor came in, and we parted. He pressed my hand, as he said 'Then we shall not meet again'; and calling over the names of my children successively, he sent his love to each. "And last to my wife, Governor?" I said: "Yes," he added, "to her last and first."

I had no difficulty in advising Mr. Miller. Whatever the Governor might do on the subject of his resignation would be in pursuance of a purpose already and definitely formed. His mind had never been clearer, his views more enlarged, his spirit more determined. No counsel could make his duty, whatever that might be, more plain: - he saw the whole ground, and would act according to his views or right. My opinion was adopted implicitly, and a very few days proved its correctness.

On Saturday night he had a return of haemorrhage. On Sunday morning he called his family around him, and selecting the chapters, made them read aloud the 12th of St. Matthew, and one other, in



which the Saviour discusses the lawfulness of doing good on the Sabbath day. He then sent for his clergyman, the Rev. Dr. DeWitt, told him of his purpose to resign, and asked him to revise the draught of a resignation, which he had made some of his family prepare just before. It was modified till it met his approval, and his cabinet officers having been called in, he directed it to be engrossed in duplicate, signed it, delivered formally one copy to the Secretary of the Commonwealth with instructions to file it among the public archives, and then pausing for a few moments, turned to him again, and asked "Mr. Miller, is it all right?" - He lived but a few hours afterwards. - Was not this more than a Roman's death? - -

I loved Governor Shunk sincerely. There was between us that frank and cordial intimacy, that springs from the most unstinted confidence and the long-continued reciprocation of many kind offices. No man ever valued me more, or was more anxious to serve me: - And now, some half a year after assisting at his funeral, I cannot trust myself to speak of my feeling towards him.

He was truly the artificer of his own fortunes. His father was the keeper of a toll-gate in Montgomery County, not far from the Trappe, and the son when a boy was hired out by the day as a labourer on the neighboring farms. The little schoolhouse is still standing where he received his few lessons in the winter evenings; but he studied at home by the light of pine-knots, taught himself English ( - his parents spoke German, - ) and at the age of sixteen or a little later, he became the teacher of the same village school in which he was first taught. From the schoolmaster to the student of law and the lawyer, the assistant clerk of the House of Representatives, the Clerk, the Secretary of the Canal Board, the Secretary of the Commonwealth, the Governor: - this was his steady and honourable progress. From his boyhood he was known as Honest Frank Shunk; and his life through, he deserved the name. As an administrative officer, he had alternately the disbursement and the effective audit of large sums of the public money: - as Clerk of the House, he could have achieved a fortune by selling his influence or tampering with the records: As Governor, there was not a corporation that he crushed, but could have made him rich. He lived economically, in a two story house, kept no horse, drank no wine, never gambled, dressed plainly, bought only what the wants of the day called for, and taught his family to live as he did himself. On his salary of \$3000. as Governor, he saved every year a little: - And when he died, his whole estate after paying his few debts left his family in possession of not quite four thousand dollars.

His mind did not act rapidly: he liked to hear opinions and take the night to them. But he had fixed principles on every subject, and as soon as he could bring a case within them, it gave him no further trouble. It was in vain to talk to him of special policy



after that.

He was a tolerably good judge of character, better than his Secretary was, yet liable to be misled, - warm in his friendships, - and tenacious, perhaps a little too much, of ancient attachments and habits.

He was not fearless, as some use the term, for he would often calculate and declare beforehand what were to be the effects of his official action on the interests of his party, or his friends, or himself. But this was a sort of episode: he returned from it to the simple argument of duty, and acted on that alone. Nor could he be persuaded to look back after he had begun to move: - I never knew him to regret a decision, or complain of the consequences of an act.

Once, and once only, the sentiment of all around me in Philadelphia made me doubt for awhile Gov. Shunk's tenacity to a pledge which he had allowed me to imply from his silence: - and I was heartily ashamed of myself afterwards for doubting him. It was on the question of Judge Kelley's appointment to the bench of the Common Pleas.

1 Jan. 1849.

While I was Attorney General, I had spoken of Kelley to the Governor more than once, as probably to be the most prominent candidate to succeed Judge Richter Jones. I had also endeavoured to attract towards him the favourable feeling of the other members of the Cabinet, and I had reason to believe that with Mr. Miller I had made the impression I sought. Kelley's services as my principal assistant had given him a good deal of prominence; and the Governor, finding that I often quoted him for my opinions on the pardon questions that were before us, had occasionally written to him confidentially on topics of prison administration.

When Mr. Read came in, his dismissal of Kelley was even more contemptuously summary than that of my other associates, and I saw that the Governor and Mr. Miller felt it painfully. To me the insult gave a new motive for pressing his elevation to the Bench, and I pressed it strongly.

Governor Shunk was not a pledge-making man. He heard me, as he always did when he concurred with me entirely, with a smile but in silence. I knew that all his sympathies were on my side, and had no fears as to the result.

Mr. Read's appointment and conduct were working a double wrong to the Governor. His friends whom he had endorsed to the Party by making them his official deputies, formed the centres of faction in the counties, and were industrious to defeat the renomination, - while his enemies, of whom he has always had the knack of embittering many, were opposing the Governor for appointing him.



Among the true men, who should have (been) active with us but stood back, was Col. Page, the Collector of the Port, a warm and indignant friend of Kelley's, who controlled many party votes.

When I appealed to him to bestir himself on the side of the Governor, I found that he had adopted an opinion, then circulated industriously, that the Attorney General had the Judgeship in his gift, and that Kelley was of course to be put aside. I disabused him as far as I was justified; telling him that I had no engagement on the part of Gov. Shunk except that which was implied in the manner of receiving my recommendations, but that I knew him so well as to pledge myself on his behalf, though certainly without his authority. Page was satisfied: the nature of his interview with me became known: and a great body of Kelley's friends, whom all Kelley's efforts had been unable to move, became suddenly and cordially effective. The severe overthrow, which Mr. Read and his clique received in the delegate elections of the city and county, referred itself absolutely to this; and it was those delegate elections, which negating all the prognostications of the Governor's enemies gave the tone to the State, and secured his triumphant renomination.

When the Legislature assembled, however, shortly before the expiration of Judge Jones's commission, Mr. Read, Mr. Buchanan, and Mr. Cameron had been hard at work, for no man was so obnoxious to either of them as my friend Kelley. The entire County delegation had been got over; the City delegation, which though opposed to us in politics had a certain influence on opinion at Harrisburg, for once sided with the County; the Senate menaced a nearly unanimous rejection if the nomination should come in; and Mr. Miller at the last moment, seeing all the machinery as he did, and despising heartily the men that impelled it, yet began to doubt whether it was not irresistible: in a word, he gave way. I heard from every quarter that another appointment was contemplated, and I heard too that I had promised too much.

I wrote the Governor - a long letter, and told him all I had done, all that I heard, and all that I feared; and I urged him to come to my rescue. The very next mail brought his reply, perfectly simple, hearty, and unequivocal, - recognizing the rightfulness of my inferences as to his purpose, scarcely reproaching me for having doubted him, and naming the day when the appointment would be made. He was as good as his word; and such was the spontaneous and strenuous action of our Philadelphia community on the question of Kelley's confirmation, that but one Senator was found willing to vote against it.

2 Jan. 1849.

I believe my story is ended. Since Governor Shunk died, I

have had no real connexion with politics. I wished that Mr. Dallas might be the candidate of our party for the Presidency; and had he been so, I might have been tempted to something like partisan action. But better as it is. A Judge hangs his dignity on the wall when he descends into the arena of opinions. He must strip for it if he expects to conquer, and there are very few who can bear the exposure of a naked scuffle. Besides; his dignity, including as well a factitious apathy as a white cravat, is all public property, paid for in his salary. Often he has nothing else to give for it; and when he has, it is not paid for.

I have therefore settled myself down into the quiet. I have read some books, and written out some decisions, and am trying gravely the experiment on popular credulity that sometimes results in fame. I have bought a farm too, - signal proof of advancing senility, - have resolved to pay my debts, if I can, - and if God continues to spare to me my family and my health, I intend to be happy, as I have been till now. -

2 Jan. 1849.



APPENDIX I

NOTES ADDED PERSONALLY BY JUDGE KANE AFTER 1848.

## APPENDIX I

(a) The Book of the "Four Masters", that Tom gave me for a Christmas gift the other day, shows the descent ! of the O'Kanes from 1100 to 1600; thus leaving for the only broken links of my Genealogy those which should connect it at one end with Noah and at the other with Myself. - The Van Rensselaer pedigree is more perfect so far as it goes, say for the matter of a century or two; - and Tom has cyphered out the Kents all straight from a date before the Pilgrims. - I must try and get these together for an Appendix.

7 Jan. 1849.

(b) Forty years after this, I attended my father on a visit to my sister at Schenectady; leaving Philadelphia at 10 in the forenoon, and breakfasting with her the next morning. In forty years more, the whole journey will probably be condensed into the amusement of an afternoon.

7 Jan. 1849.

(c) JUDGE HOPKINSON: I read law with him: he examined me once, and signed, I suppose, my certificate of character when I was about coming to the Bar. This is about the sum of my obligations to him, subject always to deduction of a \$400. fee which I paid him before leaving his office. Our intercourse was of the smallest while I was in his office, and I never got from him either a client or a cause afterwards. - He was a ready-man, quick in repartee, eloquent sometimes, amazing always before a jury, ingenious and occasionally forcible before the Court, but averse to hard work, and therefore not learned. He gained the better part of his reputation early. His championage of Pat Lyon and his defence of Judge Chase on impeachment were his best professional achievements. His speeches in Congress and in the Pennsylvania Convention of 1836 were neat, and at the time were called great, but nobody remembers them now. His judicial opinions in Gilpin's Reports were so-so, not discreditable, fluently written, sound enough, generally, except when he touches the Civil Law, of which he knew nothing. He was the author of Hail, Columbia. I have heard him tell the story of it. It was in the time of the Black Cockade administration of old John Adams. The President had been announced to be at the theatre on a benefit night. The beneficiary had promised in the newspapers that a patriotic ode should be sung



upon the stage; and the ode maker for the occasion happened to fall drunk a day or two in advance of it, and to keep drunk afterwards. The actor appealed Hopkinson to the rescue; and Hopkinson, who all his life had the hallucination of supposing himself a native musician, engaged for the work. He was taking lessons on the flute at the time from a German named Phyle, who had written out for him to practise a 'President's March', of which he asserted himself the author, but which Judge Hopkinson found afterwards to be an old march used among the Hessians. He adapted words to this tune, and they were sung in chorus. When the second verse began, - 'Behold the chief who now commands!' - old Adams rose in his box, and made a bow. The partisan House cheered, and encored. Everything then was a party matter, and the owners of pianofortes were all of them, except old Mr. Leiper, federalists of the highest grade. It was played in the parlours and by the military bands till its history was forgotten, and it became the National Air, for want of another. - Judge Hopkinson was nominated by the younger Adams to the Bench, a few weeks before Jackson came in, the Senate laid the nomination upon the table, and would have kept it there, but for my efforts through my cousin Elias.

21. Jan. 1849.

(d) (The following appears on the interleaving sheets of the original manuscript)

It was about this time (1814-15) that I formed the acquaintance of Dr. Patterson, which soon ripening into intimacy gave much of its best colouring to my later life. He was then a young married man, not yet a father, a Professor of Mathematics and Natural Philosophy, living with his wife in the old University building in 9th Street, and his parents and sister with them. I soon became their familiar; and Mrs. P. had the sweetest voice I ever heard, except my wife's, ( - Jane's was the contralto, and I always preferred it, - ) and she would sing for me at the piano simple Scotch music, and as my ear improved, some of the higher songs of Jackson of Exeter, Dr. Arne, Storace, etc. - Indeed, she taught me to value music, and to learn the little I know of it. It was the ambition to turn over the leaves for her, that made me take my first lessons.

In 1820, Dr. Patterson, Dr. DeWees, and myself gathered together the better sort from among the Musicians of Philadelphia, and organized the Musical Fund. Old Ben Carr, the kind and simple-hearted, - queer George Schetky, with his one eye and one wig, both fiery, - Charles Hupfeldt, who was up to that time the Solo Violin of Philadelphia, for all except some Gramsetral variations that Gillingham used to play delightfully as often as he could get a concert of hearers, - Gilles, a violoncello, fresh from the

Conservatoire, - Load, and Ben Cross the elder, deputies of Carr, - these made the staple of the Society. There were besides some nameless professors, and some forgotten amateurs. It met, and made bad music for a year or two in the third story of Dufief's bookstore, - then hired the hall of the Carpenters' Company, and gave its concerts in the Washington Hall, - till that burnt down, - and then in a moment of lucky delirium we determined to build a hall for ourselves. I bought the ground of Alexander Henry, a church of premature dilapidation, and its graveyard. The Congregation had balked Henry of his ground rent, and Presbyterian Elder and U. S. bankman as he was, he would trust no Corporation. We dug up the dead, such as the living would pay us for removing; and Strickland built us our Hall, over the bones of the others, the doors and windows and everything else that his ingenuity could make convertible being transferred without modification to the new structure. Even the old pew backs, worthless for all purposes else, made our platform for the Orchestra: They were dry enough to vibrate well. Strangely enough, our room, limited in dimensions, proportion, and style by the condition of our treasury, was and is the best music room in the country, and unless all the musicians lie, in the world.

The state of music in those days, and musical taste! - Hupfeldt used to give his "Annual Concert", the crack musical phenomenon of the year, at which he annually played his Concerto by Kreutzer, while the ladies chatted and laughed in ancient tea-party fashion, and gentlemen stood upon the benches with their hats on, or walked round the room to exchange compliments and retail the last joke. Sometimes Jemmy Craig, the exquisite par excellence, would avail himself of a solo, to mend the fires, and keep time by the clinking of the tongs. To listen was a mere vulgarity.

Yet we had our Quartette party, - three violins, all professional except Dr. La Roche, - a tenor or two, - and a couple of basses; one of them, Gilles, a miracle of execution, for he could bring out the harmonies or some of them with reasonable certainty; and we used to meet round at each others' houses of a Saturday night, fifteen or eighteen of us, to hear Haydn, Mozart, Boccherini, sometimes to boggle over Beethoven, and then to eat crackers and cheese, and drink porter or homoeopathic doses of sloppy hot punch. We were a delightful little club, the elite of the time, and the veritable germ of the Musical Fund. And besides this, we had another quartetto, an awful one of wind instruments, in which I sometimes blew the second oboe part on a one-keyed flute, (3) that met to make the night hideous at Borrekens' paper hanging factory, (my little German client in Borrekens vs. Bevan.) - But this too sunk like a snowflake in the Musical Fund.

I was one of the committee that framed the Constitution of the Musical Fund, its first Secretary, and the first committeeman who dared the suggestion, and carried it out, that gentlemen



should be uncovered and seated, and ladies silent, while the music was going on. I was laughed at for imagining such a reform, but one night perfected it without a police officer.

Dr. Patterson's associates were among the scientific wits of the city, and also among the wits who were not scientific but were merry instead. He gave me access to these, and by degrees I worked my way among them. Strickland was one of them: he founded the Bank of the U. S. the day after I was married. He was then a man of brilliant promise, an excellent Shakespeare scholar, full of wit and fond of frolic, but exact in business, of rigid artistic taste, and wonderfully skilled in the details of construction. He made me study Architecture, that I might not criticise his plans too foolishly, and lent me Steuart's Athens and abundance of other books to teach me: - and at last becoming almost a little proud of his pupil, he coaxed me to imagine something about pictures, ("Balaam, have a taste!") - and become a director in the Academy of the Fine Arts. - Poor Strickland!

To Dr. Patterson, too, I owe my admission into the Philosophical Society, immediately after my return from the Legislature in 1825 or 6. He nominated me, and got his friends to elect me. He made me attend its meetings; and after acting once or twice as Secretary pro tem., I became Secretary by election, and continued so till I was made a Vice-President a few days since. At his suggestion also, I became a member of the Wistar Club, now some 16 or 20 long years ago.

And besides all this, and before it all: -- his good opinion, and Sister Helen's, derived from him, did more to win my wife for me, than any other of my merits.

How much of the character of my entire life does not all this trace back to Dr. Patterson! - Philosophy, Music, Architecture, Social tastes, pictures, Shakespeare, and Life-partnership: - a goodly share of the elements that make up the better part of me.

20 Jan. 1849

(e) It has been with me a rule of conduct from the first, that habit was almost made into an instinct, to do whatever I undertook as well as I possibly could. It has wasted for me a good deal of time in elaborate preparation for trifles, and may have prevented me sometimes from assuming engagements that might have been useful either to others or to myself. I do not remember in thirty years at the bar to have ever made a speech that I had not thought over minutely beforehand in my office, and for a great part of that time not one that I had not first spoken over alone. I have walked miles about the Commons and through the country, declaiming in rehearsal. My practice was to speak my briefs as I wrote them. Even the little playful addresses of the dinner-

table, artfully dressed up as occasional, were practised over sometimes more than once, and with variations. - I have never made this confession before, but I suspect that many others might join me in it. I remember one night, at the wine table, when Randolph was declaiming, Mr. Berrien said "Randolph is rehearsing": - and so he was, for he gave us again the next morning in the Senate all his epigrammatic passages with wonderful identity even of tone.

No doubt like most of our strictly personal rules, this had with me its origin in Vanity, a notion that the world rated me over highly, and an unwillingness to correct its estimate. But, the rule is a good one after all for one whose abilities are like mine of the secondary order. My early drill made me a retailer of opinions. Of course, I never spoke what I did not think; but I had begun to think boldly long before I ventured to speak without a fogleman.

It is a rule, that guards one from much of the necessity of retraction and apology, and from the fear, which is quite as bad, of a development in after years, become dangerous like Napoleon's Cossacs by circumstances. Poor Governor Tompkins, after he became Vice-President, used to say "I have written in my lifetime three confidential letters: two have been in the newspapers years ago, and Coleman swears he will print the other next week."

Besides, it certainly contributes to accuracy of style, if not precision of thought. An old man now, I can write many pages without a rasure, as these sheets show. Yet, despite of facility, I very rarely even now read an opinion in Court, that has not been written twice, and at least once read aloud. The sound is for half the world more than half the logic of an argument.

21 Jan. 1849.

(g) Gilpin, my friend Henry D., was the secretary of the company at the time, - a very young lawyer, who owed his place with a very small salary to his father's connexion with the Canal Direction. It was in my power first to befriend him by refusing to displace him, and afterwards by aiding him to become well known to Gen. Jackson and Mr. Van Buren. When Gen. Jackson urged me to go into the U. S. Bank as the leading Government director, I named Gilpin; and when he had taken that arduous and uncomfortable post; Mr. Dallas and I were his advisers from day to day. I had before that recommended him for Distr. Atty. - His career has been an honourable one, Dist. Atty., Solicitor of the Treasury, Attorney General U. S. - and our friendship has not intermitted. - He is a very well educated man, of singular power and willingness for labour at the desk, otherwise of moderate talents, - a fluent writer, rarely elegant or forcible, yet agreeable and



correct, - a tiresome speaker, reciting rather than speaking, in measured cadences, - a man of sound sense, without originality, or great decision, - altogether without personal reproach.

9 Jan. 1849.

(k) I have written in my day on all sorts of subjects, and in almost every assignable degree of ignorance. I wrote for Ben Carr his Piano Instructor, for Strickland his reports on canals, railways and the manufacture of steel, for the Archery Club the Archer's Manual, for the Philosophical Society its Centennial and sundry other Bulletins, for the Academy of Fine Arts, the Musical Fund, the Institution for the Blind, the Philosophical and Heaven knows what other Societies, their systems of laws, - I have revised and almost rewritten a treatise on Medicine, - and once lent my help to a psalm book. Besides these, I printed an analytic view of the doings of the French Commission, which I thought creditable at the time, a pamphlet of a hundred pages, - the Law Academy printed my discourse before it, on Constitutional law, in which I foreshadowed the present doctrine of the democracy on the subject of charters, and made an argument against nullification before it grew beyond the nit. (Gen. Jackson read this when he was about vetoing the Bank: Wm. Leiper found him engaged on it. - ) - and the party Committees circulated political pamphlets for me by the ten thousand. Still rising higher, I have been more than once a newspaper editor: I brought out the Philadelphia Gazette from its ancient Federal repose to be the active supporter on Jackson's first election; and with Dallas, Gilpin, and Barker, - each taking the chair one day in four, - I led the Pennsylvanian into politics.

(1) Mr. Van Buren was never thrown off his guard. Major Jack Downing said of him in his *Facetiae*, that when riding with Gen. Jackson on his Eastern tour, a malignant kicking little pony threw him on his head, and over a fence too, into an Apple Orchard; but Mr. Van Buren alighted, with his hat in his hand, and straitway made a bow.

Mr. Dick Peters, the Supreme Court Reporter, told me that he dined one day at Mr. Van Buren's during his Vice Presidency, when the Judges and Mr. Clay formed the company. The conversations turned on the party divisions of the Old World, and it was agreed that the friends of prerogative in Europe were more kindly disposed towards our country than the Liberals or Whigs were. Come, said Mr. Clay jocosely, if you will send me the claret, I'll give you a toast: - Here's to the Tories of Europe and the Whigs of America. Mr. Van Buren drank his wine, and said, turning to Chief Justice Marshall: How much of disputation might be saved, Chief Justice, if men would agree on their definitions.

I was present in the Senate Chamber, when Mr. Clay made his great speech at Mr. Van Buren, adjuring him to interpose with the President, and rescue the country. He advanced towards the centre as he spoke; and when he closed, his impassioned peroration, he found himself close to the door keeper's snuff-box, which always stood open at the left of the Vice-President's chair. He dipped his fingers as he turned towards his seat, and at the same instant Mr. Van Buren did the same: their fingers interlocked; and as Mr. Clay looked up, he was met by an everyday smile, half placid, half waggish, that made all artificial solemnity impossible.

8 Jan. 1849.



APPENDIX II

Notes at the time of printing

- (1) According to a statement of Governor Adlai Stevenson of Illinois, this Constitution was still in effect for the present year (1949) and is just now being amended.
- (2) The name Beekman is from the Dutch. According to Putnam's Historic New York, "Beekman or the man of the brook. This interpretation of the name was recognized by King James I, of England when he granted to the Rev. Gerardus Beekman, (John Kane's grandfather) as a reward for assisting in the translation of the Bible, a coat of arms showing a rivulet running between roses."
- (3) The Mills of Thomas Leiper, his father-in-law to be.
- (4) The flute, and piano, together with some of the music which belonged to John K. Kane and Jane Duval Leiper Kane are still extant and are in the possession of Francis Bayard Rhein, Helen Hamilton Stockton and Jean Kane Foulke duPont. Jane Duval Leiper's manuscript cook book belongs to her granddaughter and namesake Jean D. L. Kane, now Mrs. George R. Foulke.
- (5) Judge Kane made the address at the cornerstone laying of the Philadelphia Stock Exchange. He also represented the State of Pennsylvania as an honorary and active pallbearer of John Quincy Adams when his body lay in state in Independence Hall, February 23, 1854.
- (6) Littleton Waller Tazewell, Senator from Virginia, and afterwards Governor of that State.
- (7) Hugh S. White, Senator from Tennessee.
- (8) Francis Preston Blair, editor of the Globe, a well-known Jackson paper.

Federalist - They were men who honestly distrusted democracy and stood up for tradition and experience against philosophizing experiments.

Whig - A member of the patriotic party during the Revolutionary period in distinction to a Tory or Royalist. Later in 1834 - an outgrowth of the National Republican Party - the Whig principles became extension of nationalizing tendencies - support of the U. S. Bank, of a protective tariff and of a system of internal improvements at national expense. The Whigs won the presidential elections of 1840 and 1848 but soon divided upon the slavery question. They lost the last National battle in 1852 and soon after split into the Republican Party of the North, and the Democratic Party of the South.

Democrat Party - 1849 - A member of a political party of the United States whose distinctive principles are strict construction of the Constitution with respect to the powers delegated to the general government and those reserved to the states, and the least



possible interference of government with individual and local liberty of action. Hence it is pledged to oppose national centralization, to support liberal extensions of the electoral franchise, to advocate low tariff duties with a view to revenue rather than protection and to contend for close limitation of the objects of public expenditure. -

### APPENDIX III

Not wishing to tax anyone's credulity, the biographical notes are confined to this side of the water and within the centuries that John K. Kane permits. - J. K. F. d'P.



APPENDIX III

Tables of Descent and  
Records of Patriotic Services  
with  
Substantiating references

Tables of Descent

A

Kane - John and Sybil

Kent

Van Rensselaer

Rutsen

Livingston

Schuyler

Beekman

B

Children of

John K. and Jane Duval Leiper Kane

Kane

M.  
1756

John Kane  
B. 12 December, 1734  
D. 13 March, 1808  
Emigrant from Ireland  
1752

Sybil Kent of Putnam Co. -Conn.  
B. 19 July, 1737  
D. 19 June 1805

M.

1st January, 1793  
(from the house of her Aunt  
Mrs. Schuyler, on account of  
deep snow)

Elisha Kane  
B. 2 December, 1770  
Fredericksburgh, Dutchess  
Co.  
D. 4 December, 1834

1. Alida Van Rensselaer  
B. 1772  
D. 1799  
2. Elizabeth Kintzing, of  
Phila. 1807

M.

20th April, 1819  
(by the Rev. Jacob Janeway,  
1st Presbyterian Church,  
7th & Washington Square,  
Philadelphia)

(Hon.) John K. Kane  
B. 1795 in Albany, N. Y.  
D. Philadelphia 1858

Jane Duval Leiper, of  
Avondale and  
274 Market St., Phila.  
B. 1796  
D. 1866

John Kane (or O'Kane) born 12 December 1734, County Antrim, Ireland, was next heir but one to Shane's Castle, estate of Lord O'Neil. The Kane family was known in Ireland as O'Cahane or O'Cahan. Dr. Petrie says it was a princely family, second only to the house of O'Neil. The American family is descended from Sir Donal O'Kane, who married Lady Una O'Neil, Earl of Tyrone, and Judith O'Donnell his wife, daughter of Manus O'Donnell, Lord of Tyrconnell. General O'Neil after the siege of Kinsale in 1603 was defeated and escaped to Rome. John Kane, born December 12, 1734, was the son of Bernard O'Kane and grandson of Evanue O'Kane. He came to America in 1752. He was Captain of Horse



in 1774-1775 and a member of the New York Provincial Congress in 1775-1776. He died at the residence of his son-in-law Gilbert R. Livingston at Red Hook, N. Y., March 15, 1808. He married in 1756 Sybil Kent, daughter of Rev. Elisha Kent, the Pastor of "Kent's Parish" in Dutchess and Putnam Counties, and Abigail Moss, his wife, and a descendant of Thomas Kent, a settler of Gloucester, Mass., in 1644. She was a sister of Mary Kent, who married Malcolm Morrison, and of Sarah Kent who married Major Alexander Grant of the British army, and sister of Moss Kent, the father of Hon. James Kent, the Chancellor and author of Kent's Commentaries.

Captain Gilbert R. Livingston was Captain in the British army in the Revolutionary War in Arnold's American Legion.

See

Distinguished Families in America Descended from Wilhelmus Beekman - by Aitken -

#### JOHN KANE'S HOUSE AT FREDERICKSBURGH, or KINGSTON, NEW YORK

In John Kane's Memorial petition to Parliament, 1783, he describes his house as "a large and commodious dwelling house, containing ten rooms, a large Storehouse 65 feet distant from the dwelling house, with a stone building of one story between, which joined each." He enumerates "a barn, barracks, stables, corn-house, shed, smoke-house, dairy, etc." The farm contained 351 acres, and had an orchard of 500 bearing apple trees, and 950 rods of stone wall.



Sketch of house made by John K. Kane  
in 1820

John K. Kane, writing to his father, Elisha Kane, says, under date of August 14, 1820: "I went yesterday to Pawlingstown, and ate a bread-and-cheese luncheon at the house in which you were born. There was a toll upon it because Washington used it in 1776. It is now a tavern and belongs to Gideon Slocum. His wife's maiden name was Cook, and her mother was an intimate friend of grandmother's. They treated me kindly and would take no pay.

The house is ruinous, and Slocum intends pulling it down next year. I made a rough sketch of the front of it. The extreme buildings are of wood; the connection stone; the large building which was the dwelling house has never been painted; the other is red. The yard in front is planted with poplar trees. The range of buildings is near one hundred feet long."

### How John Kane Came to stand by The King

According to tradition, our great-great-great grandfather John Kane, raised a Company to fight for the colonies, but when he heard that all connection with the King was to be broken became very distressed. His wife was known to the wife of Lord Howe. That lady sent Mistress Kane a paper to show to the British if she should be hard pressed. Somehow the story leaked out and a rumor got around that Captain Kane was in league with Lord Howe. A Company of officers and citizens accordingly waited on Captain Kane and demanded to know where he stood. He became furious and refused either to answer them or allow them to speak to his wife. She, however, hearing the clamor, and fancying her husband in danger, came down of her own accord. Upon being asked if she had received such a paper she said "Yes!" proudly and made no excuses. When asked where it was and to produce it she gave them a curtsey and said "Captain Kane's wife needs no protection from Lord Howe. I have burned it!" Nevertheless they demanded that Captain Kane take anew the oath of allegiance to the Republic. He flew into a rage, ordered them from his house, and saying he would deal no more with such characters "forthwith repaired to join Lord Howe's forces." His goods and estates were confiscated, but he was such a "high mannered man" that before long he had taken advantage of the times and forgetting his noble ancestry embarked in a trading venture which soon resulted in three large stores and the repair of his fortune.

### JOHN K. KANE

John K. Kane, jurist, grandson of John Kane and son of Elisha and Alida Van Rensselaer Kane, was born in Albany, N.Y., May 16, 1795, died in Philadelphia, 1858. He was graduated at Yale College in 1814, after which he studied law with Joseph Hopkinson, and was admitted to the bar April 8, 1817. Settling in Philadelphia, he manifested an interest in political questions, and identifying himself with the Federalist Party, was elected to the state legislature in 1823. Upon his return to Philadelphia he was elected a common councilman and the same year became Secretary and Lawyer for the Delaware and Chesapeake Canal project. He was elected by the Democrats in 1828 as solicitor of Philadelphia, and served two years. During the campaign of 1828 he supported



the cause of Andrew Jackson with marked ability. In 1832 he was appointed a member of the board of three commissioners to settle certain claims with France, and besides preparing the report of the board, he published notes on questions decided by that body in 1836. He enjoyed the friendship of President Jackson, and was the author of a memorable letter addressed by the latter to James K. Polk, during the campaign of 1844. The first printed attack on the U. S. Bank was written by him, and several portions of messages and public utterances of the president were supposed to have been from his pen; so that in Philadelphia, which was the stronghold of the bank party, he was for a short period under social proscription. During what was termed the "Buckshot" war in Pennsylvania, he was the principal strategist of the Democratic party. He was Vice-President and Chairman of the Committee which met to charter the Pennsylvania Railroad on April 13, 1846. In 1845 he was appointed attorney-general of Pennsylvania, but resigned the office in the following year, to accept that of United States judge for the Eastern District of that state. As a judge he was distinguished for his grasp of the Roman and Continental law, his decisions being widely cited, especially in relation to the admiralty and patent law; but his action in the case of Passmore Williamson, who was committed for contempt of court under the fugitive slave law, was violently assailed by the Abolition party. He was one of the trustees and legal advisers of the Presbyterian church of the United States, and took a prominent part in the controversy that resulted in 1837 in the division of the church into the new and old schools. In the struggle of the first board of trustees of Girard College to open the institution, he was the leader; of the American Philosophical Society, he served as president from 1856 until his death. He was married to Jane Leiper, and had six children; among them, Elisha Kent Kane, the arctic explorer; Thomas Leiper Kane, soldier; Robert Patterson Kane, admiralty lawyer and John Kent Kane, physician, member of General Grant's staff, and pioneer in stamping out small pox. -

#### ELISHA KENT KANE

Elisha Kent Kane (Feb. 3, 1820-Feb. 16, 1857), naval officer, physician, explorer and pioneer of the American route to the North Pole, was born in Philadelphia of distinguished parentage. His father, John K. Kane, was a lawyer of ability and culture; Elisha was the eldest of five sons and one daughter. In youth he disliked study and was incessantly active. When a student at the University of Virginia (September 1838-November 1839), he contracted rheumatic fever which left his heart permanently impaired. Graduated on Mar. 19, 1842, from the medical department of the University of Pennsylvania, he passed examinations and became assistant surgeon in the United States Navy. He was appointed



physician to the China Mission under Caleb Cushing and spent eighteen months in the Orient, Africa, and Europe, fervidly seeking adventure. He was long ill in China. At the outset of the Mexican War he was ordered to the African Squadron but was invalided home with coast fever. Later he secured orders for Mexico where he achieved some fame in a casual encounter with the enemy. From Mexico he was again invalided home, recovering from wounds and virulent typhus.

In 1850 he was attached to the United States Coast Survey. In this year a government expedition, using ships supplied by Henry Grinnell, was organized under Lieut. Edwin J. DeHaven, U.S.N. to search the Arctic for Sir John Franklin, missing since 1845. Kane sought and obtained the post of senior medical officer with this expedition, which provided him with a rugged polar novitiate. He told its story in a stirring narrative, *The U. S. Grinnell Expedition in Search of Sir John Franklin (1853)*, which in abridged form was reprinted in 1915 under the title, *Adrift in the Arctic Ice Pack*.

Upon his return to New York, in September 1851, he immediately launched plans for a new expedition. Popular belief and many first-rank scientists, including M. F. Maury, posited an open polar sea. On the shores of such a sea some remnant of Franklin's men might yet be alive; the route to that sea might lie through Smith Sound; no one had yet sailed beyond its northern portals. Kane determined to do so. John P. Kennedy, secretary of the navy, gave enthusiastic personal support, and Henry Grinnell donated the brig *Advance*. Private subscription financed the enterprise.

The Second Grinnell Expedition sailed from New York May 31, 1853, with Passed Assistant Surgeon Kane, assigned to special duty, in command. Passing through Smith Sound the brig entered unknown waters now called Kane Basin. The way north was ice-bound. The only water passage hugged the shore, bearing toward the northeast. Against the recommendations of his officers, Kane forced the brig up this hazardous waterway. The expedition wintered at Rensselaer Bay. The first winter brought to light serious deficiencies of equipment. Scurvy appeared; the dogs died, but Kane indomitably held to his plans. The first spring sledging party broke down and was rescued only by that superhuman energy which served Kane in extremity. Two men died; but the commander, himself scurvy-ridden and at times near death, steadily sustained his campaign. In May, Isaac I. Hayes (q.v.), surgeon of the expedition, crossed Kane Basin reaching Ellesmere land. In June, William Morton reached Cape Constitution, 80° 10' N., "Farthest North" for the western hemisphere. Morton saw Kennedy Channel ice-free, tumbling in sunshine. Kane reported the evidence as further attesting the open polar sea theory, yet reserved opinion that it might well be another "illusory discovery."



No trace of Franklin's party was found by the expedition, but the coasts of Kane Basin were charted and Kennedy Channel was discovered, later to be the route of Hayes, Charles F. Hall, A. W. Greely, and fifty-four years afterward, of Robert E. Peary. Meteorological, magnetic, astronomical, and tidal observations, botanical, glacial, and geological surveys, studies of animal and Eskimo life, established sound foundations for the scientific study of the Arctic. In August 1854 Hayes and eight men, protesting the commander's resolve to remain a second winter, announced their determination to hazard the journey to the South Greenland settlements. Kane, sanctioning the withdrawal, equipped them from limited supplies. In December they returned to the vessel, broken in body and morale. Kane became doctor, nurse, and cook to a shipful of bedridden men. With indomitable courage he planned and then executed their escape. The *Advance*, still frozen in, was abandoned May 20, 1855. With the loss of one man, the party, carrying the invalids, reached Upernivik in eighty-three days, a retreat which stands in the annals of Arctic exploration as archetype of victory in defeat.

A government relief expedition under Lieut. H. J. Hartstene found them in South Greenland, and landed them in New York, on Oct. 11, 1855. Kane wrote his book, *Arctic Explorations: The Second Grinnell Expedition in Search of Sir John Franklin*, in the years 1853, '54, '55 (2 vols., 1856), told his publisher, whose fortune it made, "The book, poor as it is, has been my coffin," sailed for England, met Lady Franklin, left for Havana, and died there Feb. 16, 1857, just after his thirty-seventh birthday. The funeral journey was a pageant of national mourning. The body lay in state in New Orleans, Louisville, Columbus, Baltimore, and finally in Independence Hall. Military, civic, masonic processions were organized; poems, editorials, sermons were composed.

### THOMAS LEIPER KANE

Thomas Leiper Kane (Jan. 27, 1822 - Dec. 26, 1883), soldier, born in Philadelphia, Pa., was the son of John K. and Jane Duval (Leiper) Kane. He attended school in Philadelphia until he was seventeen then visited England and France, remaining some years in Paris. Upon his return to Philadelphia he studied law with his father and was admitted to the bar in 1846, but rarely practised. He did, however, hold the position of clerk under his father who was judge of the United States District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania. He also served as one of the United States commissioners in this district. At heart he was an abolitionist and contributed many articles on this and other subjects to the press of the day. In 1848 he became chairman of the Free Soil State Central Committee, and upon the passage of the Fugitive-slave Law of 1850, became an active agent of the under-



ground railroad using the family home at Fern Rock as a station. His father construed his actions as contempt of Court and he was committed. The Supreme Bench over-ruled this decree and Thomas Leiper Kane was set free. He resigned his duties as United States Commissioner finding that they were in conflict with the dictates of his conscience. Having become interested in the activities of the Mormons, he took part in securing the assistance of the government in their westward migration and accompanied them in their wanderings for a considerable time. In this way he became a friend of Brigham Young and won his confidence to such an extent that in 1858, when Young had called upon his people to resist the entrance of United States troops into Utah, and a proclamation had been issued declaring the territory to be in a state of rebellion, Kane was able to convince the Mormon leader that such an action would be useless and so brought about an amicable settlement of the affair.

Shortly after his return to Philadelphia he removed to the northwestern part of Pennsylvania and founded the town of Kane. It was here that he organized at the outbreak of the Civil War a regiment of woodsmen and hunters known as the "Bucktails." He was elected colonel of this regiment on June 12, 1861, but shortly resigned in favor of the Mexican War veteran, Charles J. Biddle. He was immediately elected lieutenant-colonel and continued to serve with the regiment. He was wounded at Dranesville and captured at Harrisonburg. On Sept. 7, 1862, he was appointed brigadier-general for gallant services and commanded the 2nd Brigade, 2nd Division, XII Army Corps, at Chancellorsville. He contracted pneumonia and was in the hospital at Baltimore just before the battle of Gettysburg when he was entrusted with a message to General Meade that the Confederates were in possession of the Union cipher. He delivered the message after great difficulty and resumed command of his brigade on the second day of fighting, although still too weak to sit on his horse. He was compelled to resign Nov. 7, 1863, being brevetted major-general for "gallant and meritorious services at Gettysburg" on Mar. 13, 1865. Upon retiring from the army he resided at his home in Kane, but spent much time in Philadelphia, taking an active interest in charitable matters and serving as the first president of the Pennsylvania Board of State Charities. He was a member of the American Philosophical Society and was a director of numerous boards and organizations. He was the author of three privately printed books: *The Mormons* (1850); *Alaska* (1868), and *Coahuila* (1877). He married, on Apr. 21, 1853, Elizabeth Dennistoun Wood, who together with her daughter received in 1883 a degree in medicine and was among the earliest women to practice this profession. -



## ROBERT PATTERSON KANE

Robert Patterson Kane, the third of the adult children of Judge John K. Kane, was born in Philadelphia, June 9, 1827. Graduating from the Philadelphia High School at the head of his class, with the Latin salutatory, he studied law, and was admitted to the Pennsylvania Bar, September 8, 1849. He early established a reputation as a finished and accurate lawyer. His practice was largely in the federal courts, in cases affecting the validity of patents, those involving admiralty jurisdiction, etc. He sympathized with the abolitionists although in a less aggressive manner than his brother, Thomas Leiper Kane, took a positive stand appearing more than once before his father in cases defended by Passmore Williamson, etc. For a period, during the absence of the incumbent, James C. Van Dyke, he was acting United States attorney.

Mr. Kane enlisted, April 19, 1861, at the outbreak of the Civil War, and was elected to the First Troop, Philadelphia City Cavalry. He served with that command during its period of service.

Although many years before his death, he had retired from professional business, he always maintained an active participation in civic happenings. He was noted for his charitable work and not only plead many a cause which paid no fee, but was on boards of many institutions and was an incorporator of the Women's College of Physicians and Women's Hospital. -

See

Carson Collection of the Philadelphia Free Library, and "The Philadelphia of Our Ancestors" by Frank Willing Leach.

## ELIZABETH KANE

ELIZABETH KANE (MRS. CHARLES W. SHIELDS). The Bessie of the letters, the only daughter of John K. and Jane Duval Leiper Kane, was born August 2nd, 1830, and died October 14th, 1869.

She had soft brown hair and eyes, delicately penciled brows, regular features and brilliant color. She was slim and erect and her head was beautifully set upon her shoulders. She made sketches in water colors and with a sharp early Victorian pencil. She had a rich mezzo-soprano voice - well-trained for that day - and composed music and wrote verse which had much charm. She used to help with the singing in the church choirs in the country, and in town at the house of Refuge where she was a regular visitor. Before the days of women's guilds and girls' friendly societies, she had classes of young girls who worked by day and came to her home at night, and she kept in touch with them over many years. When in the country she taught the children of all those connected

with the farm household.

There was an air of freshness and daintiness about her - a certain purity and innocence which both concealed and emphasized her great strength of character and depth of purpose. She possessed an infectious gaiety and this added to her even temper and friendly manner made a vivid impression upon all who knew her. She was a great favorite with her father, and judging from his letters to her, both his companion and confidante. They corresponded regularly when she was absent from home and her brothers, too, wrote to her frequently. Her own letters, written in excellent English and with much clearness of style, are excellent reading.

In 1861, after her father's death, Elizabeth Kane married Charles Woodruff Shields, D. D., LL.D., who was a professor at Princeton Theological Seminary from 1848 until near the close of the century. He held first the Chair of Harmony of Science and Revealed Religion, and later that of Modern History. Many of B. K.'s letters are in a collection with those of Dr. Shields at Princeton University, and there, too, you will find the portrait of John K. Kane which belonged to his daughter. Painted by Neagle in 1828. It portrays an alert young man with an amused expression on his handsome face. The picture hung for many years at "Morven."

#### Some Letters Addressed to Miss Bessie Kane.

Preface to a collection of "Letters to B. K." published by Helen Hamilton Stockton in 1914.

In printing this account and these family letters, I feel that I am fulfilling a trust left me by my mother, Elizabeth Kane Shields, so that her nieces and nephews - the children of her dearly beloved brothers - should know something of the personal side of their grandparents life and home.

The letters came to me at my mother's death. They are all carefully labeled, numbered and dated, filling a quaint Japanese lacquered box fastened with lock and key. The letters +++ from her father and mother, John K. Kane and Jane Duval Leiper Kane, begin in 1835 when Bessie Kane was but five years old - and end in 1857. +++++ The earliest are written with a quill pen in block printing - every letter perfectly formed and the ink as black as when it was yet wet - on square folded Irish linen paper - without envelope or postage stamp - but always wafered or sealed. Letters written later are on thin French paper in slim narrow envelopes inscribed with a sharp pointed steel pen.

On April 20, 1819, our grandfather, John K. Kane, married Jane Duval Leiper of Avondale and No. 274 Market Street, Philadelphia. The wedding journey was planned to be partly taken on horseback through the beautiful valley of the Connecticut, to the house of Judge Storrs, in Middletown. (The courtship is described



in his Autobiography.)

In 1824, Grandmother, who was one of the most beautiful women of her day, was chosen to open a ball with the Marquis de Lafayette, which was given in his honor by the City of Philadelphia.

It was a costume ball and partly in memory of her own grandmother, Helen Hamilton of Kipe, (a Lady-in-Waiting to Mary Queen of Scots, who married Thomas de la Pierre,) partly as a tribute to Lafayette, who was of noble rank although he espoused the cause of the democracies, Grandmama impersonated the Queen. They danced a stately Quadrille, the music of which is still the treasured possession of her granddaughter, Helen Hamilton Stockton.

It is said that Thomas Sully, the artist, was so delighted with Mrs. Kane's appearance that he asked to paint her in costume. This explains why her portrait shows court dress, while her husband wears the conventional costume of 1824.

At first they lived at No. 100 South Fourth street, and then at Roseland, where their daughter, Elizabeth, was born August 2d, 1830. She was called after her maternal grandmother, Elizabeth Coutlas (Gray) Leiper, of Whitby Hall. Later, Roseland was thought too small, and our grandfather bought a country place on the old York road, which he named Rensselaer - after the place in Gelderland, Holland, from whence his mother's people came. Many of the letters are dated from here. An entry of Oct. 17th - 1848 in B. K.'s diary, is as follows: "It is a large, handsome house beautifully situated. This is to be our future home on Green Lane. I went with Tom to view the garden and the greenhouse and was perfectly delighted. The number of beautiful flowers left to perish in the garden were instantly appropriated to bouquets, and I was almost wild with joy when I saw the variety of plants in the greenhouse. The house, too, was beautiful and so convenient." This house my Grandfather furnished with rare paintings and beautiful furniture. There was a great drawing-room, with white and gold French cane-seated "settees" and chairs, and gold-colored damask hangings, inherited from his father. Between the long windows stood two beautiful Buhl cabinets, brought from France at the time of the sacking of the Tuilleries in the end of Louis Phillippe's reign. The mahogany serving and dining table was made in England from his own designs, and has had at different times five Presidents of the United States around its hospitable board.

After their youngest child's (Willie's) death they moved for the winter to a house in town on Girard street, and could never bear to return to Rensselaer. Some are now living who remember the grace and charm with which my grandmother presided at Rensselaer and at the smaller house of Fern Rock, in later years. The name was given because of a beautiful rock in a bit of shady woodland nearby, where a variety of fern grew -- *Filices Aspidium*. This had been a favorite spot in summer for family picnic teas, and was spoken of by the elder brothers and sister as "Willie's



Fern Rock." During the winter that followed the little boy's death, my grandfather drew plans for a stone house and terrace to be put on this land which he afterward bought.

Although Jane Duval Leiper Kane was a notable housewife, she still found time for many private as well as public charities. For years she was Treasurer and Secretary of the Home for Widows and Gentlewomen. The minutes, kept faithfully over a long period in her fine delicate writing, may still be seen among the society's records. A younger member of the Board who remembered her well once said to me, "Your grandmother was really delightful; I never realized she was old; she was active, capable, unselfish and expected nothing on account of her age. We loved her very much and shall miss her kind impulsive greeting."

After her husband's death, the town house, then at the corner of 16th and Locust Streets, was closed and household possessions scattered. For the next eight years, Grandmama made her home with her fourth son, Robert Patterson Kane, and she died in his house in 1866 in the 81st year of her life.

A letter to Miss Bessie Kane, Care of Mrs. J. P. Wetherill at Miller's, Cape Island from Jane Duval Leiper Kane to which John K. Kane added a postscript +++++ I hope Cape May will not make Roseland insipid to you on your return. The rainy weather has made its beauties shine out with more force, and your father and myself have found it an effort to leave off gazing at the moon these last two nights" - Finished by J. K. K. - "And now that after all the saddening influences of cloudy and rainy weather, the bright moon has come out from her garniture of fleecy vapours, and is brightening the dew drops on the old oak in the garden, and making even the shadows lovely, we imagine you walking on the beach with your thick soled shoes, and measuring the progress of the riplings of the tide, and tracing out the long streak of waving light that the moon-beams gild the waters with, and then you are watching the revolving of the lamp on the cape, and becoming poetical with the thought that, like many other things beside, it would be less certainly useful if it never changed its brightness for shadow. Talk of moonlight to a person at Cape May, with the broad ocean for it to play upon and the wreaths of foam for it to silver, and the myriads of wild fantastic spray witches dancing in it all along the distant beach! +++++ And be a good girl and don't give Cousin Maria any trouble, and keep your trunk key on a string at your waist, and don't lock it up in the trunk, and remember us all to Anthony," (a coloured servant) "and - we are all very well, and hope you are the same - I wish I were with you daughter, for I am an old residenter on Cape Island, and know the rides and the walks and the tricks of the tide, and all the other tricks that are playing about you, - and I might add something to your amusement, and perhaps find quite as much amusement



myself as in sitting in dignity in a court room, listening to long speeches. But it must not be, I fear, unless you really want me. I am working away at my every day work, happy when three o'clock comes to be relieved from my hammer and anvil.

Pat has got on with his sail boat party in ten days as far as tother side of New York City. He will get to the bottom of the Sound or home in ten days more. - Gov. Shunk is yet alive, but his case is a hopeless one. I mourn for him as an admirable friend.

God bless you, my darling,

J. K. K.

Sunday night."

Miss Kane".

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+++++++ "We expected Patterson at Rensselaer last night, but presume now that he is waiting for Charlotte and the two Bessies. If he is still in New York, tell him from me to get Harry Morris to show him the Polar vessels at Brooklyn Navy Yard, so that he can report to Elisha about them. I cannot tell when Elisha will be here; but I presume it must be in a day or two, and it will depend on the state of progress in fitting out the two vessels whether he can spend any time with us. He telegraphs to me to get his wardrobe ready as he will be hard pushed; and indeed I shall not be surprised if he presses forward to N. Y. in the first instance without stopping here, and only returns to bid us a hurried goodbye. I cannot rejoice that he is going on this expedition; his motive is most praiseworthy, but I think the project a wild one, and I fear inadequacy in outfit. I wish most sincerely that Sir John Franklin was at home with his wife again, leading dog's lives together as they used to do, - or that Mr. Clayton had not been silly enough to write Lady F. his pretty letters of promises, - or that Gen. Taylor had not been such a sneak as to avoid the responsibility of carrying them out or urging Congress to do so. But it is as it is and we must make the best of it: - Oh! this Glory! when the cost is fairly counted up, it is no such great speculation after all.

J. K. K. "

Rensselaer,  
Tuesday, May 21st, 1850.

"Miss Kane,  
Care of Wm. Wood, Esq.,  
(Denistoun, Wood & Co., Wall Street),  
New York.

My dear Bessie:

I feel as if I had not yet waked from a hideous dream, and have been trying to shake off thought by house keeping bustle, but still a heavy weight oppresses me, and I feel as if Elisha had parted with us for an interminable period, perhaps forever.

On Sunday night I went off to prepare for bed, leaving your father and Tom chatting in the office: - Just as I stepped into bed they came over to my room to consult the State House clock, finding it was considerably after ten they concluded to retire themselves, when the dogs commenced such an uproar that Tom raised the window, to find - Mr. Field was on the piazza, "Come down I have a telegram from Elisha." We were summoned to town, dear Aunt Patterson had made arrangements to receive us. Elisha would be in by the 3 o'clock train from Baltimore and probably start for New York at 9.

By this time Godfrey (coachman) was roused; it was near two before we were deposited at your Aunt's. By half-past Elisha was with us, and by 4 o'clock the beds and sofas received our wearied bodies. At six your Aunt and myself were ready to collect the various adjuncts to the heavy or rather hurried work before us. Before seven Elisha was called by previous arrangement, and was refreshing himself in a bath - and by seven we were all at the breakfast table - and Disco and Anthony engaged in the library overhauling E's trunk - throwing aside useless garments, replacing others and raising a pile of soiled clothes absolutely startling. Your Aunt, however, is never conquered by difficulties, her women were ordered to come to a pause in the family wash, and concentrate their energies on E's apparel and they were ready in due time.

Your father, Patterson, John & Willie started off on missions after polar articles, and Godfrey came with the carriage and I rode with Elisha (to be in his company) whilst he was on duty that required personal attendance. At noon Tom and a cab relieved Godfrey of the carriage, and by two Aunt's diningroom received our entire family and Cousin Mary.

Your father and the boys saw him fairly off; and I am anxiously thinking of all belonging to this annoying business; wondering if Elisha found the provisions for the voyage full and complete, whether he was able with Tom's assistance to supply his own deficiencies in New York and a crowd of other equally disagreeable and saddening reflections fill my mind +++++

My love to all around you and many thanks for all their kindness to you.

Ever your sincerely attached mother,

J. D. L. Kane."



Postscript written by J. K. K. to Letter begun by J. D. L. K.

"Literally nothing to say, all day, my first holiday since the wedding, spent in the congenial occupation of pasting newspaper law reports into a scrap-book, and dreaming over the expediency of filing away the papers from my library table. Out of doors, raw and gusty; indoors, Elisha and Pat away, Tom alternately, writing and asleep, John at College," (Yale) "Willie I don't know where, Bess gone a frolicking, Darby and Joan the only representatives of home. Tomorrow work begins; and saving the excepting the blessed first day of the week, on which oxen and asses and judges are supposed to have rest, the next three months promise nothing but unbroken continuity of toil. On Monday Judge Grier and myself begin our forty treason cases; and when they are disposed of, unless by some charitable fatality the prisoners should be convicted and hanged, I have to try the same parties over again on some two hundred indictments for minor crimes. It will be a merry winter's work for all of us, no doubt, but I most sincerely wish we could all of us dispense with it. In sober truth I have no particle of appetite for this criminal jurisdiction of mine. Yesterday I convicted a poor soul, who has a kind-hearted wife and a half a dozen little children, and who loves them all as much as I do mine, but he was unfortunate in the selection of his industrial occupation, for the law holds it criminal to make money and he made it largely, and at less cost than the Government. I fear that I shall have to imprison him for a long term of years; and I shall do so with much pain - As for my treason men, - but it is not worth while to anticipate troubles so contingent as yet.

Say to Cousin Mary and her husband, and Cousin Martha and all the rest of your wedding party, the kind things that you know I would say if I could be among them. Keep yourself out of mischief, and think often and warmly of Rensselaer and its inmates. -

J. K. K."

Thursday night."

#### JOHN KINTZING KANE

John Kintzing Kane, M.D., born December 18, 1833, Philadelphia, son of Judge John K. and Jane Duval (Leiper) Kane. He received his early education at Dr. Benjamin Ferris' School for Boys; he was later graduated from the University of Pennsylvania. He spent the year 1852 in Maine with Alexander Dallas Bach, Superintendent of the U. S. Coastal Survey under Secretary Trowbridge. He read medicine in the office of Drs. John Kearsley Mitchell and S. Weir Mitchell, graduating in 1855, from Jefferson Medical College. Immediately afterward, he passed an examination before the Naval Commission at Washington, and sailed on the polar



expedition sent out in 1856 to search for his brother, Dr. Elisha Kent Kane. The expedition used the government vessel "Rescue", in connection with the brig "Arctic," and after an absence of a year, returned with the celebrated explorer. On their return, he accompanied his brother Elisha to Cuba, and remained with him until he died. April 3, 1856, having returned to Philadelphia, he volunteered his services to the city and served as a physician at Blockley Hospital during a severe small-pox epidemic. He contracted the disease, and narrowly escaped death. In 1857, he pursued his medical studies at the Ecole de Medecine, Paris, specializing in anatomy and surgery, at the same time perfecting himself in the French language. 1858, he returned to Philadelphia and continued practice. In 1861, he was appointed surgeon at the U. S. Hospital at Cairo, Illinois, and served as an aide to General U. S. Grant. After several months of active service, he was given a leave of absence, having become seriously ill from exposure and overwork. Subsequently, he was appointed surgeon at the military hospital in Chester, Pennsylvania, where he remained a year, at the same time attending a private practice at Wilmington. In 1862, he removed to Wilmington, opened offices at 841 Market Street, and practiced there until his death. He served at the Tilton Hospital when it was opened in 1863. On October first of that year, he married Mabel Bayard and their children were Anne Frances, John Kintzing, Jean Duval Leiper, Florence Bayard, Elizabeth, James A. Bayard, John Kent, and Robert Van Rensselaer. He joined the Medical Society of Delaware in 1866, and was its president 1879-1880. Later, he became surgeon for the Pennsylvania Railroad Company between Havre de Grace and Philadelphia and on the Delaware Division of that Company. There being no hospital in Wilmington at that time, he opened and equipped for the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, an emergency operating room, in a small brick building, directly on the Railroad, at the foot of French Street. Here he performed many major operations and treated employees of the Company. In 1876, he was appointed Commissioner from Delaware to the Centennial Exposition. He was well educated, a finished linguist, and esteemed as a physician. He wrote and published a number of medical papers and made addresses on medical and surgical subjects. He was a tireless worker in the campaign to secure the enactment of a law for compulsory vaccination of school children. He prepared a paper on small-pox at the request of the State Board of Health which was printed by order of the General Assembly in 1883. He was a Presbyterian, Master Mason, a Democrat and a member of the Wilmington Club. Noted for his personal charm, polished manners and brilliant conversation, he was a delightful companion and untiring friend. He died March 22, 1886, at Summit, New Jersey. When his body was returned to Wilmington for interment in the Bayard vault, the coffin was laid in state in Old Swedes



Church. At their own request, the employees of the railroad, to whom he had endeared himself, acted as honorary guard and pallbearers.

## KENT

M.

Thomas Kent, Homer Hundred,  
Abingdon Township, Berkshire,  
England  
D. 9th June MDCI

Katherine  
D. 24th June MDCXVIII

M.

17th January 1654  
(by Rev. Samuel Simonds)

Samuel Kent  
Came from England to Suffield,  
Connecticut

Frances Woodall  
D. 10th August, 1683

M.

John Kent  
B. 28th April 1664  
D. 11th April 1721

1. Abigail Dudley  
B. 29th May 1667  
2. Abigail Winchell

M.

Rev. Elisha Kent  
D. 17th July 1776

1. Abigail Moss  
2. Mrs. Raymond, sister of  
Gov. Fitch. No Issue

M.

Sybil Kent  
B. 9th July 1738  
D. 18th July 1806

John Kane  
Emigrated from Ireland 1752  
B. 12th December 1734

M.

Elisha Kane  
B. 2d December 1770  
D. 4th December 1834

Alida Van Rensselaer  
B. 1772  
D. 1799

M.

20th April 1819

John K. Kane  
B. 1795  
D. 1858

Jane Duval Leiper  
B. 1796  
D. 1866

Thomas Kent, born in England, emigrated with his wife to

Gloucester, Massachusetts, prior to 1643. He had a home and land near the burying ground in the West Parrish, sometimes known as Chebacco, and now Essex. He was among the 82 known proprietors of land in Gloucester from the time of its settlement until 1650. Thomas Kent - yeoman - died (Essex Court Records 1st April 1658) Salem Records 1st February 1658. His widow died at Gloucester 16th October 1671.

Samuel Kent 2d son of Thomas Kent I born in England, married on 17th of January 1654 Frances Woodall, who died 30th November 1675. 10th October 1673 signed petition to Township of Brookfield. Upon the destruction of Brookfield, Samuel Kent moved to Suffield, Connecticut. (1678) His will was dated 17th August 1689. Springfield records say he died 2d February, 1690. He evidently married twice, leaving L96 - 10s to his 2nd wife Mary.

John Kent 3d - 4th son of Samuel and Frances, born 28th April 1664; died about 19th April 1743. When Colonel Epes Sargent was paid by the selectmen of Gloucester L2 for 4 pairs of gloves, to be used at the funeral of John Kent.

John Kent 3d was born in Gloucester, but appears in Suffield, Connecticut 1680, where he died 11th April 1721. He married first Abigail, born 29th May 1667, daughter of William and Mary Roe Dudley, on 9th of May 1686, and second, Abigail Winchell. Elisha Kent was the ninth child of John and Abigail Dudley Kent and was born 9th July 1704.

Elisha Kent 4 graduated from Yale College 1729; married first, Abigail, on 2d April 1732, daughter of Reverend Joseph Moss of Derby, Conn., whose wife was daughter of Reverend Joseph M. Russell, Yale 1702; married second, a sister of Governor Thomas Fitch, of Connecticut.

30th June 1732 he was elected Minister of Newtown, Conn.

Died 17th July 1776, at Philippi, N. Y., having moved to Dansbury, in the town Southeast, in Dutchess, now Putnam Co., N. Y.

Sybil Kent IV child of Elisha and Abigail Moss Kent, born 9th July 1738, married John Kane, who emigrated from Ireland in 1756.

#### VAN RENSSELAER

M.

Kiliaen Van Rensselaer  
B. Holland 1646

2d wife - Anna Van Wely

M.

July 2, 1662

Jeremias Van Rensselaer  
B. Holland 1632  
D. October 12, 1674

Maria Van Cortlandt  
B. July 30, 1645  
D. Jan. 29, 1689



M.  
March 19, 1689

Hendrick Van Rensselaer  
B. Oct. 23, 1667  
D. July 4, 1740

Catherine Annetje Van Brugh  
Baptized April 19, 1665  
D. 1730

M.  
January 3, 1734

Colonel Johannes Van  
Rensselaer  
B. Feb. 11, 1708  
D. Feb. 22, 1783 (?)

1st wife - Engeltie Livingston  
Baptized Albany - 17th July  
1698  
Died - Feb. - 1747

M.  
April 23, 1765

Brigadier-General Robert  
Van Rensselaer  
B. Dec. 16, 1740  
D. Sept. 11, 1802

Cornelia Rutsen  
B. 1747  
D. Jan. 1, 1790

M.  
1794

Elisha Kane  
B. 2nd Dec. 1770  
D. 4th Dec. 1834

Alida Van Rensselaer  
B. 1772  
D. March 1799

M.  
20th April 1819

Hon. John K. Kane  
B. 1795 Albany

Jane Duval Leiper  
B. 1796  
D. 1866

Kiliaen Van Rensselaer - 1663-1719

Lord of the Manor of Rensselaerwyck - erected 1685

Member of the Governor's Council, Province of N.Y. 1704-1719

Member of the Provincial Assembly - 1691-1704

Commissioner of Indian Affairs 1706 - 1710 - 1712 - 1715

Cornet of a Troop of Horse 1684

Captain 1700 - Lieutenant Colonel of Albany Troops 1702

Colonel of Albany Troops 1715

Jeremias Van Rensselaer - 1630-1674-3rd Director 4th Patroon  
2nd Lord of the Manor -

President of the Convention in Nieu Amsterdam 1664

Commissioner of Indian Affairs under Dutch Rule as

Magistrate of Fort Orange 1659 - 1660 - 1663 - 1665

Captain of a troop of Horse 1670

Hendrick Van Rensselaer - 1667-1740 of Claverack

Major of New York Troops - 1722

Captain 1714

Member of Assembly - Province of N. Y. 1705-1715

Commissioner of Indian Affairs - 1706-1710-1724 - 1725 - 1732 - 1738

Johannes Van Rensselaer 1708 - 1783

Captain of Troops in Claverack, Province of New York 1733

See:

The Van Rensselaer Manor - Pub of the Order of The Colonial Lords of Manors in America - 1929

The Livingstons of Livingston Manor

Schuylers Colonial New York

Colonial Dames Register in the State of N.Y. 1926

### RUTSEN

*Jacobse Rutgerson van Schoenderwoert B. D. 1665	M. June 1646	Tryntje Jansse Van Breestede B. D.
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**Jacobse Rutgerson B. 1650 in Ulster Co. D. 1730 His descendants adopted as their patronymic "Rutsen"	M. Oct. 8, 1651	Maria Hansen Bergen (daughter of Hans Hansen Bergen and Sara Rapelle*** B. Baptised Oct. 8, 1651 D.
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****Jacob Rutsen, (commonly called the Junior) B. Baptized 5 Nov. 1693 at Kingston, N. Y. D.	M. Nov. 24, 1735	Alida Livingston B. Baptized 20 May 1716 D.
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Cornelia Rutsen B. 1747 D. 31st January 1790	M. 23 April 1765	General Robert Van Rensselaer B. 16th December 1740 D. 11th September 1802
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Alida Van Rensselaer B. 1772 D. 1799	M. 1st January, 1793-4	Elisha Kane B. 2d December 1770 D. 4th December 1834
--	---------------------------	--

Judge John K. Kane B. 1795 Albany D. 1858 Philadelphia	M. 20th April 1819	Jane Duval Leiper B. 1796 D. 1866
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- \* Came to Fort Orange in 1636. In 1665 he was one of the magistrates in Beaverwyck and was mentioned in early record as the Hon. Rutger Jacobson.
- \*\* Member of Assembly, Province of New York 1693, 1695, 1699, 1702, 1713, 1736. Lieutenant-Colonel of Ulster and Dutchess Co. troops in 1700. 1710-21 Colonel. See Colonial Dames Register N.Y. 1911, p. 372 and 1928, p. 443.
- \*\*\* Sara Rapelle, the wife of Hans Hansen Bergen, was the daughter of DeRapalle, the Huguenot, and was born at Beaverwyck 9 June 1625, the first female white child born in the New Netherlands.
- \*\*\*\* Cornet of Dutchess and Ulster County Troops in 1717. Captain 1740.

References; Colonial Dames Register; History of New Netherlands, the Livingston Family by Van Rensselaer, pp.88, 89 and 304, and Hardenbergh and related families by Theodore W. Wells, D.D., pp. 90-96.

### LIVINGSTON

	M.	
	1725	
Rev. John Livingston		Janet Fleming

	M.	
	July 9, 16	
Robert Livingston		Alida Schuyler
B. 1686		B. Feb. 2, 1656
D. 1775		D. March 27, 1729
First Lord of the Manor of Livingston		Widow of Nicholas Van Rensselaer, daughter of Philip Pieterse and M. Van Schlechtenhorst.

	M.	
Gilbert Livingston		Cornelia Beekman
B. 1670		B. 1747
D. 1746		D. 1790

	M.	
Colonel Jacob Rutsen		Alida Livingston
		"History of Hudson Co." (Page 532)

	M.	
	23rd April 1765	
Robert Van Rensselaer		Cornelia Rutsen
B. 16th December 1740		B. 1747
D. 11th September 1802		D. 31st January 1790

M.

1st January 1793-4

Elisha Kane

B. 2d December 1740

D. 4th December 1834

Alida Van Rensselaer

B. 1772

D. 1799

M.

20th April 1819

Hon. John K. Kane

B. 1795 Albany

D. 1858 Philadelphia

Jane Duval Leiper

B. 1796

D. 1866

### SCHUYLER

M.

12th Dec. 1650, by Antonius  
de Hooges at Beverswyck

Philip Pieterse Schuyler

B. 1628

D. 9th May, 1683

Margarita Van Schlechtenhorst

D. 1700

M.

14th Sept. 1691

Col. Peter Schuyler

B. 17th Sept. 1657

D. 19th Feb. 1724

First Mayor of Albany

1. Engeltie Van Schaick

D. 1689

2. Maria Van Rensselaer, daughter  
of Jeremias Van Rensselaer

M.

Robert Livingston

"The Nephew"

Margaret Engeltie (Schuyler)

Van Rensselaer

M.

3rd Jan. 1753

Johannes Van Rensselaer

B. 11th Feb., 1708

D. 1783

Engeltie Livingston

M.

23d April, 1765

General Robert Van Rensselaer

B. 16th Dec. 1740

D. 11th Sept. 1802

Cornelia Rutsen

B. 1747

D. 31st Jan. 1790

M.

1793

Elisha Kane

Alida Van Rensselaer

D. March 1799



M.

Hon. John K. Kane  
 B. 1795 Albany  
 D. 1858 Philadelphia

Jane Duval Leiper  
 B. 1796  
 D. 1866

Schuyler, Philip Pieterse b. 1628  
 d. 9th May 1683, buried at Dutch Church  
 Albany  
 m. 12th Dec. 1650 Margareta Van  
 Schlechtenhorst  
 Vice Director at Fort Orange 1656  
 1656, 57, 61 Magistrate at Fort Orange  
 1667 Captain of Company of foot in Albany 11th Nov.

Captain of a Company in Schenectady 1669  
 Nov. 1655 Delegate to a conference with Indians  
 Delegate to the Mohawks

Schuyler, Peter I  
 1686 First Major of Albany  
 July 1719 - Sept. 1720 President of the Council  
 1683 First Magistrate  
 1683 Major of Militia  
 Commander of the Fort at Albany  
 March 1685 Lieutenant of Cavalry in Albany Militia  
 Later Colonel of Cavalry in Albany Militia  
 1685 Judge of the Court of Oyer and Terminer and Justice of  
 the Peace  
 30th June 1691 Member of the Governor's Council  
 Commander of expedition of mixed English, Dutch, and Indians  
 against French.  
 1709 Second in Command to Colonel Nicholson against Montreal  
 1711 Commissioned by Governor to make conciliatory expedition  
 to Onondagas.

See

Register Colonial Dames, New York, 1926  
 Glenn's "Colonial Mansions" (See pgs. 406-414)  
 "Historical Families of America" (See pgs. 2, 3, 95)

BEEKMAN

Hendrick Beekman  
 B. 14th December, 1585  
 D. 2nd December 1642

M. Maria Baudertus  
 B. 1600  
 D. 17th September, 1630

Wilhelmus Beekman B. 28th April, 1623 D. 21st Sept. 1707	M.	Catherine deBough
Hendrick Beekman	M.	Joanna de Loper
Cornelia Beekman B. 18th July, 1693 D. 24th June, 1742	M.	Gilbert Livingston B. 1670 D. 1746
Alida Livingston	M.	Colonel Jacob Rutsen
Cornelia Rutsen B. 1747 D. 1st January, 1790	M.	General Robert Van Rensselaer B. 16th December, 1740 D. 11th September, 1802
Alida Van Rensselaer B. 1772 D. March, 1799	M.	Elisha Kane B. 2d December, 1770 D. 4th December, 1834
(Hon.) John K. Kane B. 1795 Albany D. 1858 Philadelphia	M.	Jane Duval Leiper B. 1796 D. 1866

Beekman - See Beekman Family, also Register of Colonial Dames, New York, 1926.

Wilhelmus Beekman - Born 1623 - Died 1707

Came to New Amsterdam from Holland on the Princess 27 May 1647, married Catherine deBough, daughter of Hendricks deBough of Albany, September 5, 1649.

Treasurer of the Dutch West India Company

1652 - Purchased land from Jacob Corlaer and settled in the city

1652 - One of the Nine Men

1652-1658 - Lieutenant of the Burgher Corp of Nieu Amsterdam

1653-4 - Commissioned with Peter Covenhaven to build the Wall - Now Wall Street - Completed 13th March, 1653.

1653 - Delegate to the Convention held at Nieu Amsterdam.

1657 - President Schleppens Court

1658 - Orphans' Master.

1658-1664 - Vice Director of the Dutch Colony on the South River (Delaware) where he resided at Christina until 1663.

1661 - Schout Fiscaal at the South River.



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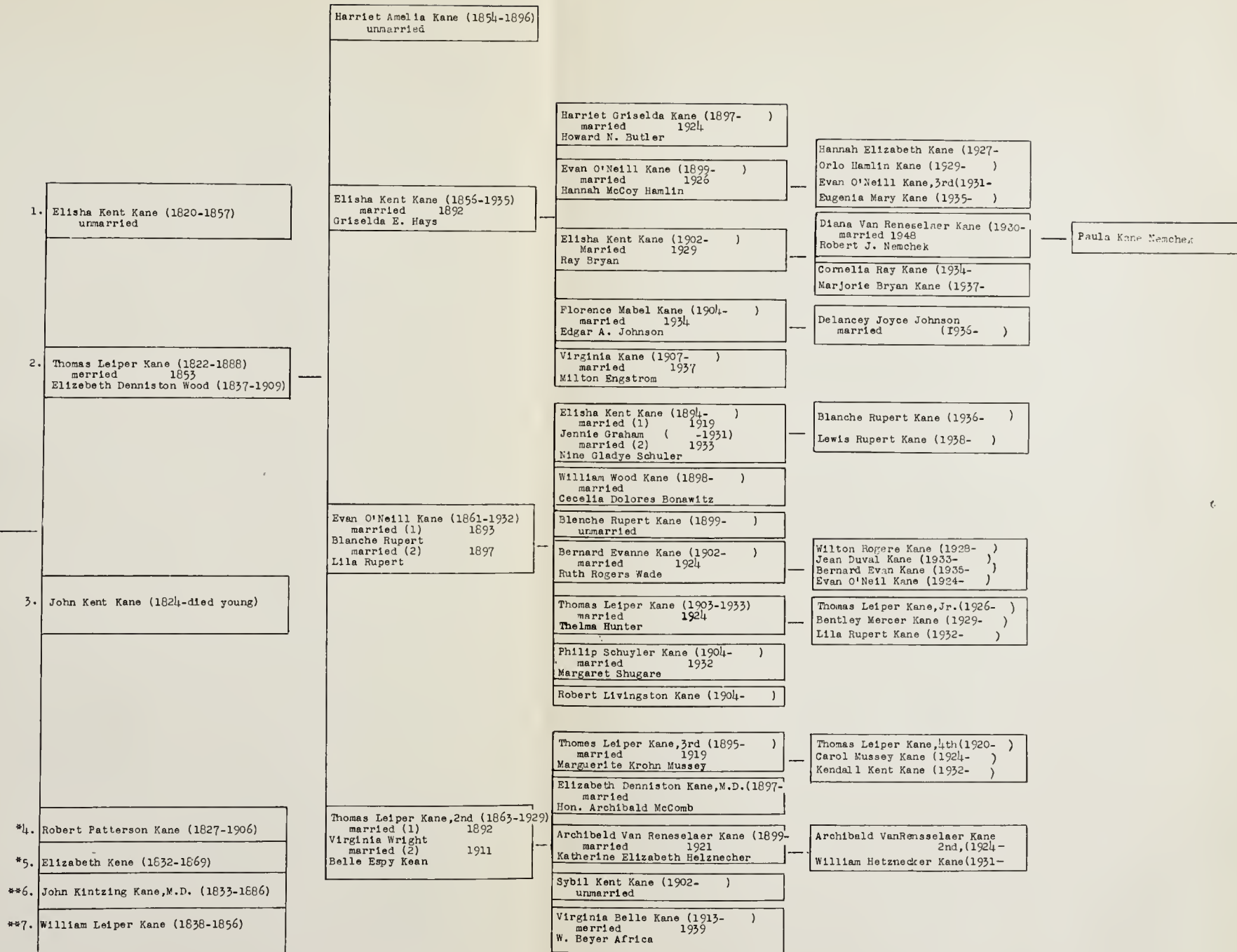
1658 - Orphans' Master.

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John K. Kane (1795-1858)  
son of Elisha and Alida  
(Van Rensselaer) Kane  
married 1819  
Jane Duval Leiper (1796-1866)  
daughter of Thomas and  
Elizabeth Coultas (Gray)  
Leiper













(Children of John Kane (1795-1858)  
and Jane Duval Leiper Kane (1796-1866))

4. Robert Patterson Kane (1827-1906)  
Married 1861  
Elizabeth Francis Fisher (1840-1919)

Eliza Middleton Kane (1863- )  
Married 1893  
Walter Cope (1862-1902)

Joshua Francis Kane (1864-1864)  
Died young

Francis Fisher Kane (1866- )  
Unmarried

5. Elizabeth Kane (1832-1869)  
Married 1861  
Charles Woodruff Shields, D.D., L.L.D.  
(1825-1904)

Jane Leiper Kane Shields (1863-1865)  
Died young

Helen Hamilton Shields (1865-1949)  
Married 1894  
Hon. Bayard Stockton (no issue)

John Kane Shields (1867-1867)  
Died young

James Read Shields (1867-1929)  
Unmarried

Thomas Leiper Kane Shields (1869-1929)  
Unmarried

Arthur Cope (189 - )  
Died young

Thomas Pym Cope, 2nd (1897- )  
Married 1927  
Elizabeth Wethered Barringer

Elizabeth Francis Cope (1898- )  
Married 1925  
Joseph Charles Aub, M.D.

Anne Francis Cope (1900- )  
Married  
Thomas Pierrepont Hazard

Oliver Cope (1902- )  
Married 1932  
Alice De Normandie

Felicity Cope (1934- )

Elizabeth Francis Aub (1926- )  
Frances Aub (1926- )  
Nancy Cope Aub (1934- )

Sophia Francis Hazard (1923- )  
Married  
Philip E. Barringer

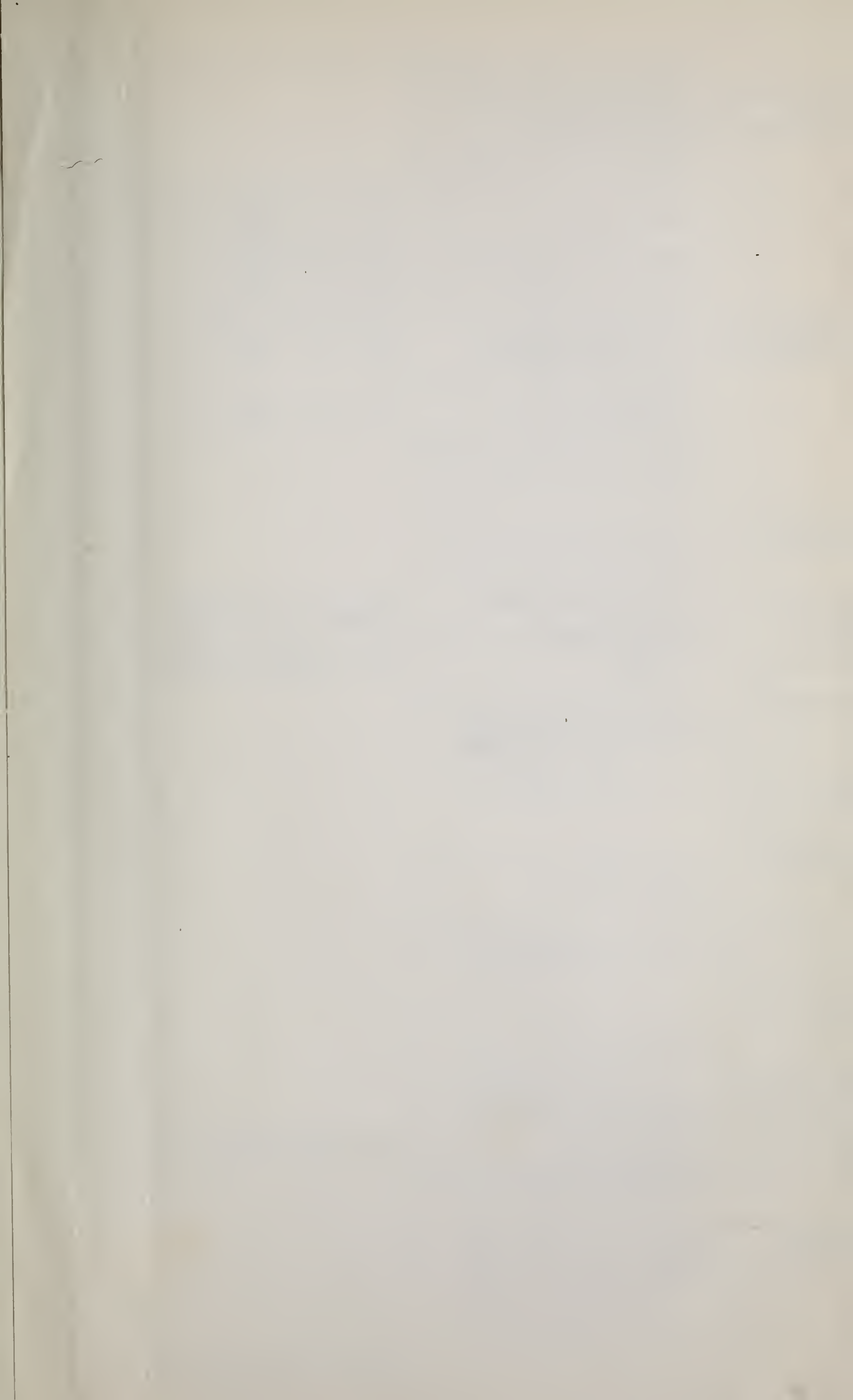
Thomas Pierrepont Hazard, 2nd (1925 )  
Mary Pierrepont Hazard (1927- )  
Anne Francis Hazard (1929- )  
Oliver Cope Hazard (1931- )

Robert De Normandie Cope (1935- )  
Eliza Middleton Cope (1937- )

Thomas Barringer (1948- )











(Children of John Kintzing Kane (1795-1858)  
and Jane Duval Leiper Kane (1796-1866))

6. John Kintzing Kane, M.D. (1833-1886)  
married 1863  
Mabel Bayard (1838-1897)

Anne Francis Kane (1664-1888)  
Unmarried

John Kintzing Kane, 2nd (1866-1866)  
Died young

Jean Duval Leiper Kane (1867- )  
Married 1888  
George Rhyfedd Foulke

Florence Bayard Kane (1867-1943)  
Unmarried

Elizabeth Kane (1870-1945)  
Married (1) 1891  
Edward Norrie (div.)  
Married (2) 1901  
John H. ~~W...~~ Rhein, M.D.

James Ashton Bayard Kane (1871-1931)  
Married 1902  
Sarah Keyser Williams

John Kent Kane (1873-1937)  
Married 1899  
Margarat Oglesby Paul

Robert Van Rensselaer Kane  
(1875-1877)  
Died young

George Rhyfedd Foulke, Jr. (1889-1949)  
Married 1915  
Dorothy Fisher Newhall

Jean Kana Foulke, Jr. (1892- )  
Married 1910  
Éleuthère Paul duPont (1887- )

Willing Bayard Foulke (1898- )  
Married 1925  
Elizabeth Innes Bennett

Mabel Bayard Norrie (1892- )  
Married (1) 1913  
John Shipley Dixon  
Married (2) 1939  
John C. Groome

John Hancock Willing Rhein, Jr. (1902- )  
Married 1937  
Margaret Packard

Cornelia Ruteen Rhein (1903- )  
Unmarried

Florence Bayard Kane Rhein (1908- )  
Married 1929  
John Bird

Francie Bayard Rhein (1915- )  
Married 1942  
Jane Foster (1922- )

Mabel Bayard Kane (1905- )  
Married (1)  
Joseph Mickle Fox, Jr.  
Married (2) 1948  
Francie C. Trimble

John Kent Kane, Jr. (1902- )  
Married (1) 1928  
Alice Doll  
Married (2) 1944  
Gladys Virginia Beck

Florence Paul Kane (1903- )  
Married 1928  
Lt. Comm. James Bicks Foskett, 2nd

Frank Paul Kane (1904- )  
Married 1926  
Levina Sevier Hammond

Bradley Bayard Kane (1909- )  
Married 1933  
Elizabeth Creswell Larzelere

Dorothy Pieher Foulke, Jr. (1916- )  
Married November 5, 1943  
Benjamin Brennan Reath (1892- )

Julia de Veaux Foulke (1923- )  
Married 1948  
Davis Beaumont Oat

Elizabeth George Foulke (1930- )

Éleuthère Paul du Pont, 2nd (1911- )  
Married 1940  
Mary Caroline Lewis

Francie George duPont (1913- )  
Married 1938  
Alice Beatrice Churchman

Stephen duPont (1915- )  
married (1) 1939  
Carolina Campbell Stambaugh  
married (2) 1948  
Anne Franklin Hopper

Benjamin Bonneau duPont (1919- )  
Married Oct. 11, 1947  
Dorothy Elizabeth Lane

Robert Jacques Turgot duPont (1923- )

Alexis Irene duPont (1928- )

Willing Bayard Foulke, Jr. (1927- )  
Elizabeth Bennett Foulke, Jr. (1930- )  
Richard Flaidd Foulke (1931- )

John Shipley Dixon, Jr. (1914- )  
Married 1936  
Mary Elizabeth Boyd

Ellen Dixon (1921- )  
Married  
John Wrenn

Margaret Packard Rhein, Jr. (1929- )  
John Hancock Willing Rhein, 3rd (1931- )

Patricia Rhain  
Elizabeth Kane Rhein

Bayard Kane Fox (1929- )

Phyllie Kent Kane (1934- )

Margaret Kane Foskett (1931- )  
Mary Paul Foskett (1934- )

Pauline Kane (1927- )  
Married 1946  
James Renshaw King

John Kent Kane, 2nd (1934- )  
Fater Bayard Kane (1938- )

Katherine Creswell Kane (1935- )  
Nancy Bayard Kane (1937- )  
Bradley Bayard Kane, Jr. (1946- )

Éleuthère Paul duPont, 3rd (1942- )  
Alexie Felix duPont, 4th (1945- )

Jean Foulke duPont, 2nd (1940- )  
Francis George duPont, Jr. (1941- )  
David Bayard duPont (1945)

Éleuthère Paulina duPont (1940- )  
Nancy Christina duPont (1941- )

Margaret Élise duPont (1949- )

~~John~~ Fisher Boyd Dixon

Anne Francis Wrenn

David Aldrich King (1946- )

7. William Leiper Kane (1838-1856)  
Died young







in our family!!!

At the age of  
from Albany to  
a five, or as I think  
with the family of uncle  
added my share by knock  
with the Andersons;  
days' ride in the Swift  
der the charge of my fa  
use or two, so a nice live  
pression, — and a sch  
lled it, where I got a  
en a quarter's schooling  
to charge of the junior Mr  
leason Brown, of our char  
elled over I don't know  
erately representative of  
which still hangs or ought  
the earlier



Sea, I came to Philadelphia  
New York, in the sloop  
was, a seven days' voyage,  
as, memorable because  
over the sea to the in p  
ad from New York, a lo  
Sure stage, to the city  
r's clerk<sup>(a.)</sup> a boarding  
ing as to have left no  
t, - Jarvis's, I think the  
shipping, and nothing else  
t Dr. Chesembres, was  
, now the venerable Sen  
; and I have con  
so many months. The me  
ryhood in a scarlet jacket  
hang in crayons in the the  
out



